

Relax, Don't Do It

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Explicit

Archive Warning:

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M/M

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Jeon Jungkook/Park Jimin

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Kim Seokjin | Jin, Kim Taehyung | V, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope, Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster

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Hedonism, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Drinking, Alternate Universe - College/University, boring accountant!jeongguk, pre-med!jimin, ultimate brotp taehyung and jeongguk, Minor Taehyung/Yoongi, Minor Namjoon/Seokjin, Grinding, Morning Sex, Mutual Masturbation, (kinda i guess), Exhibitionism, (that's probably more accurate), Nipple Play, Comeplay, Coming Untouched, Explicit Sexual Content, Switching, (like extreme switching lmao), Bottom Jungkook, Bottom Jimin, Top Jungkook, Top Jimin, Rimming, Anal Fingering, (so many sexual tags i think thats it), Happy Ending

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Relax, Don't Do It

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Summary

Jeongguk likes to party. Jeongguk likes to party *hard*. When he wakes up half naked in a Denny's parking lot, for the *third* time, he decides to commit to something for once and swear to be completely straight-edge for a full 90 days. That includes no partying, no late nights, and absolutely no sex. Easy until Jimin decides to crash land, literally, into his life.

- Translation into Русский available: [Расслабься, не делай этого](#) by [Freedom_N_G](#)

Chapter 1

The sun was peeking just over the horizon, the birds were singing their morning songs, and Jeon Jeongguk had a pounding fucking headache, and the sun shining directly into his eyes wasn't helping. The floor (...ground?) was hard and uncomfortable beneath him, and sandy grit and gravel was digging into his back...because he was naked? Oh god was he naked? No, no he definitely had pants on at least. He blinked in the bright sunshine, parched throat parting to unleash an ungodly groan.

“Oh, what the *fuck*,” he said quietly, trying to block the sunshine and swipe off a happy ladybug that had settled on his cheek. “Where the fuck...” he gasped, lifting his head a bit, and he grimaced at the creaking in his neck. And there it was, a gold beacon in a sea of confusion. “DENNY’S” the sign flashed, except it really said “EN YS” because the other letters had long burned out. His mind was still sluggish, but things clicked together eventually: “Oh fuck, not *again* .” Now the bubbling in his stomach and the acidic taste on the back of his tongue made sense, and when he pushed himself into a sitting position only to have the world tilt and twist around him he realized he was probably still slightly drunk.

The early morning wind blew against his bare shoulders and he shivered, goosebumps pimpling his skin as he rubbed his shoulders. Where the hell was his shirt? Jeongguk got to wobbly feet as he searched the back parking lot for his shirt. Luckily, he spots it on an abandoned picnic table that probably hadn't been used in years, and he sends a quick prayer to whoever is listening in thanks because his very expensive phone is hidden under the plain black tee. He shook the tee free of debris before pulling it over his head. He ignored the notifications on his phone in favor of contemplating who he should call to retrieve him. The subway was an option, he supposed, but there was definitely no wallet in those skintight leather pants, so unless he was getting in on just his good looks (which he could try, because the black tee, leather pants, and smudged eyeliner was a fucking look, thank you) he had no money to pay for a pass. The only person awake at...6:17 AM would be Seokjin, getting ready for his morning shift at the cafe. He sighed as he thought of what that would mean, but he pulls up the text anyway.

Jeongguk: Hyung...I think I'm at the Denny's on West Ave...Will you come get me please? (He sent a mess of begging and angel emojis in

hopes that Seokjin's weakness for emojis would soften him up a bit.)

Seokjin: ...Are you fucking kidding me?

Seokjin: Fuck. I'll be there in 20.

Jeongguk sends praise hands and an IOU and waits. When Seokjin pulls up in his very reasonable grey car, he prays, again to *anyone* who's listening that for once Seokjin will pity him and not launch in on a lecture. Of course, when has Jeongguk ever been so lucky? He gets in and sees that Seokjin's already in his work clothes, brown apron fanned out over his lap, and his hands are tight around the steering wheel, and the face he turns to Jeongguk when he slides in is his 'not happy' face, which Jeongguk has gotten way too acquainted with as of late.

He buckles in and turns to face straight ahead. They rode in silence for a while, but it's pressing on Jeongguk because he knows, just knows that Seokjin is going to say something. It started with a sigh.

"Kookie...." His voice is dragging, as if he's the tired one who just woke up hungover as fuck half naked in a Denny's parking lot.

"Don't hyung."

"I'm just saying--"

"Save it."

"It's the *third* time, Jeongguk," Seokjin is agitated, in that subdued way of his, and he readjusts himself, fingers tapping on the steering wheel.

Jeongguk groaned, rolling his eyes and turning to stare out the window. He so didn't want to do this right now. Or ever.

"What would mom and dad say?" Seokjin's voice is quiet, and Jeongguk turns an angry stare on him because that's playing dirty.

"They're not going to say anything because they're not going to know." Jeongguk answers matter-of-factly, because there is no way he's going to let Seokjin blab to their parents, even if it is under the guise of concern. Which Seokjin probably is genuinely concerned, but still.

"Jeongguk--" Seokjin starts, but Jeongguk cuts him off.

“Hyung, do you remember that time in high school when you came home so hammered you threw up all over the bathroom, and *I* cleaned it up so mom and dad wouldn’t know? And *I* talked them into letting you stay home the next day because you “had a migraine”? Do you remember that time, hyung? Because I do. I remember that time.” He turns a very pointed stare on Seokjin, boring into the side of his face.

Seokjin makes a face. “Fine.” He concedes, sighing. “But I was in high school, Jeongguk.” He says it as if it was so long ago, but it wasn’t. Not really. “You’re a junior in college.”

“Oh my god,” Jeongguk says under his breath, turning back toward the window.

“I’m just saying maybe you should tone down the hedonism a bit. You’ve woken up in the parking lot of a different breakfast joint three times in the last few months, Jeongguk!” He huffs. “Waffle house, Hardees and now Dennys! What’s next?”

“IHOP.” Jeongguk retorts, folding his arms across his chest and scowling.

“Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk groans, turning his face toward the roof of the car. He’s thankful they’re almost to their apartment. “Can we do this later hyung? My stomach thinks we’re on a boat and I’m feeling seasick.”

“I really think we need to talk about this now, Jeongguk,” and Seokjin’s eyebrows are drawn together because he’s actually serious about having this talk right here right now.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk starts.

“No, Kookie, right now, because this is out of cont--”

“Pull the car over.”

“Really, Jeongguk?” Seokjin says surprised, “You think I’m going to let you out on the side of the road just because you don’t want to--”

“Seokjin hyung, if you do not let me out of this car right now I will vomit all over your floorboards.” Jeongguk warns, voice thick. That seems to shut Seokjin up as he makes it to the side of the road in three seconds flat. Jeongguk flings the passenger door open in just enough time for whatever he drank last night to make an unpleasant

reappearance. Through the haze he registers Seokjin's hand on his back, and when he leans back into the car, Seokjin pulls a bottle of water out of the center console, his silence speaking volumes.

"Okay," Jeongguk says between sips of water, stomach still rolling, "Okay. I may be a *bit* out of control."

"Are you absolutely positive you want to do this? You know once it's signed that's it? Like, if you fuck it up I get to release that video from the Christmas party last year where you—"

"Yes, Tae, shut up!" Jeongguk says, reaching across the kitchen table as he makes shushing motions toward Taehyung's mouth. He sighs, "Yes, I want to do this, yes, I understand what happens if I break it."

"Okay," Taehyung tilts his chair back on two legs as he taps the pen to his lips, "But we learned in class that we're supposed to go over the contract one more time before the person signs, so, just to reiterate?"

Jeongguk nods. Being a pre-law major and his best friend, Jeongguk knew Taehyung was the best person to draw up what they had deemed the "Hedonism Pact" so that Jeongguk would have something solid and official to hold himself accountable to. When Seokjin had dropped him off yesterday after 'the (third) incident' he had promptly fallen asleep and then woken up with his worst hangover in his life to date. When he lay in bed feeling like he was literally at death's door, he had decided that a change was needed in his life: thus, the Hedonism Pact was born.

"I, the undersigned," Taehyung starts, "hereby pledge to abstain from the following illicit and hedonistic activities. Item number one: I shall not drink or consume alcohol to excess. This includes, but is not limited to liquors, beer, soju, mixed drinks and alcoholic dessert frostings—"

"Wait," Jeongguk leans across the table toward Taehyung, "What exactly does that mean? To excess?"

Taehyung's eyebrows draw together in thought for a second, "Hmm. You can drink but not get drunk? Not to the point where it impairs your senses. That way you can still go out drinking with those people

you hate from work.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me,” Jeongguk groans, thinking of all the cookie-cutter office workers at his cookie-cutter job with his cookie-cutter boss and...anyway. “Okay, yeah. Keep going.”

“I shall not partake in any illicit drug use.” He looks up at Jeongguk then, waiting for his nod before he continues.

“I shall abstain from sexual activities for the next 90 days,” Taehyung starts, but stops again, “Okay, we’re going to need some stipulations for that.” He looks at Jeongguk questioningly.

“What,” Jeongguk says, eyebrows raising, beginning to blush a bit and ears turning red. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Taehyung says, tipping forward, leering across the table at Jeongguk, “What are we talking about exactly? Cuddling? Kissing? No penetration? Are orgasms allowed?”

“Jesus, Taehyung,” Jeongguk tries to shush Taehyung for the second time in ten minutes, “Don’t fucking say “penetration,” oh my god.”

“I’m just wanting to be thorough.” Taehyung shrugged. “So no penetration?” Taehyung says it again, smirking, just to see Jeongguk color some more.

“No,” Jeongguk mutters, looking down and away from Taehyung, “No penetration.”

“Of any orifice with any appendage?”

Jeongguk levels him with another glare.

“Thorough!” Taehyung chuckles as he holds up his hands in defense before writing it down on the paper in front of him.

“Okay, how about this? Orgasms are allowed just as long as there’s no touching of skin beneath anything that would normally be covered by a bathing suit? Typical no-no square kind of stuff?” Taehyung looks up at Jeongguk as if he’s serious for once.

“Don’t ever say ‘no-no square’ in my presence again.” Jeongguk rubs his hands hard over his face as if that will make the blush go away, “And how exactly would orgasms occur without touching under bathing suit areas?”

“It means you can still get yourself off, for one,” Taehyung holds up one finger and any blush Jeongguk had gotten rid of floods back to his face. Sure, they both know the other jacks off, but it’s never really been such an explicit topic of conversation. “And two, orgasms can happen all kinds of ways, Jeonggukie, it just means you have to get creative.” Taehyung sends a saucy wink at Jeongguk across the table and he finds it in himself to roll his eyes.

“It’s really a moot point anyway, because what are the chances that I’ll meet someone that I just *have* to have sex with immediately?” Jeongguk crosses his arms and leans back in his chair.

“Well, you never know,” Taehyung chirps, “I fucked Yoongi-hyung in the bathroom of the nightclub we met in. And look where we are today!” Taehyung sweeps his hand grandiosely around Jeongguk’s kitchen.

Jeongguk pulls a face of disgust, “Okay, one, I never knew that and I wish I still didn’t. Two, every couple is not a pair of fuck bunnies like you two are oh, my god. And three, again, I wish I didn’t know that information.”

Taehyung chuckles to himself, putting the pen to the paper but stops one more time, “Are you sure, Kookie?” His voice has dropped and Jeongguk is a little struck by the sincerity in it. He and Taehyung like to poke and tease one another from time to time, but they’ve been best friends for so long for a reason.

“I need a fresh start, Tae. So everything has to stop. Everything.” He gulps at the thought before giving a small nod. Taehyung nods back at him before writing it into the contract.

“Okay. I think that’s it. Anything else?” He taps the paper before looking up at Jeongguk. He exhales slowly before nodding, “Yeah, I think that’s it.”

“Alright. I just need you to sign here,” pointing at a spot in the middle of the page, “And here, mhm, initial here, sign and date here at the bottom.” Jeongguk keeps signing the paper until he gets to the bottom. “And once I sign here at the bottom as the witness, that’s it. Last chance to back out!”

“Sign it.”

Taehyung scribbles his sprawling script (so like a lawyer, Jeongguk thinks) on the remaining line, and that’s it. It’s done. His hedonistic

lifestyle has come to an end--for the next 90 days at least--and Jeongguk feels reinvigorated and renewed, like he could conquer the world. He turns a bright smile on Taehyung, who can't help but feed off of Jeongguk's energy. This is the start of a new Jeongguk.

Being 3/4s of the way done with his degree in accounting, he should feel thrilled and accomplished with the relatively prestigious internship he's landed himself. He had felt good when he was first accepted, because his hard work finally seemed to be paying off by being allowed to work under one of the top CEOs in the area. But now that he's actually working in the office... If he's honest with himself, the sameness of the whole thing has made it difficult to enjoy the job. Sitting at his computer for eight hours, watching numbers roll up and down the screen until they blur together, only getting breaks to go get his boss coffee and donuts ("because it builds character") Jeongguk finds himself looking forward to his weekends the most. His weekends are absolutely *his* to do with as he wants. Sure, lately that's been getting absolutely hammered or doing a bit of rolling at the local nightclub, but sometimes he does like to do things that are actually legal or don't endanger his liver.

This Saturday morning, much like the fateful Saturday two weeks ago except he's fully clothed and not partially drunk, finds him in the park a couple blocks from his house. The bark of the tree he's sitting against is digging solidly into his back, grounding him, and the light is speckled across the sketchbook in his lap, shifting and changing with the breeze blowing through the leaves above. It's been so long since he's had a chance to just draw peacefully, the charcoal pencil in his hand almost feels foreign. Luckily it all comes flooding back as he plays around sketching whatever catches his eye, pencil pushing against the paper with intentional strokes.

He reaches into his bag to pull out some colored pencils, intending to color in a bit of the kid with the kite from across the way that he sketched when a yell rents the air.

"Jimin, wait, watch out!" Jeongguk snaps his head up just in time to see a huge blur heading his way right before said blur slams into him. His sketchbook and pencils are scattered about as he slams into the ground, breath knocked from his lungs and eyes rolling in their

sockets. He lies there for a second, trying in vain to gather his wits again to sit up and catch his breath. He tries to focus on the leaves in the tree above him when a face appears inches from his own.

“Oh my god, are you okay? Fuck, hey, are you alright?” The face yells at him. God he’s cute, Jeongguk thinks as he takes in the boy’s red hair, a little fluffy and parted down the middle. He’s got an adorable button nose and lips to die for, even when they’re drawn down in a worried frown. Really cute, Jeongguk thinks absently, but he’s surprised to see the boy react to his words, and he realizes belatedly that he may have been thinking out loud.

“Oh my god, he’s concussed. I’ve concussed him.” The boy panics, running his hands up and down about two inches above his body as if he’s afraid he’s broken him completely. “Hyung,” he calls over his shoulder, sounding almost on the brink of tears, “Pull the car around, we’ve gotta take him to the hospital, he’s talking out of his head! I’ve concussed him!”

The boy--Jimin? he thinks--makes to grab Jeongguk under his knees and shoulders, presumably to carry him away bridal style, when Jeongguk finally comes to enough to stop him.

“Wait, wait, I’m fine,” he croaks as he hauls himself to a sitting position, “I was just a bit shaken up, but I think I’m okay. I don’t think I have a concussion.”

“Are you sure? Talk to me!” Jimin says loudly, still not convinced that Jeongguk’s not seconds away from unconsciousness. He leans forward from his spot at Jeongguk’s feet to reach for his face, presumably to check if it’s still intact.

“I am talking to you,” Jeongguk shoots back, swatting at Jimin’s insistent hands, “and stop yelling at me.” He reaches back to rub the back of his head. He may have a knot back there, but he’s about 90% sure he doesn’t have a concussion.

“Oh, sorry. Sorry.” Jimin’s voice drops drastically and Jeongguk would find it funny if he wasn’t still kind of woozy. “Hobi-hyung threw the frisbee all the way over here, I didn’t see you behind the tree, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

A spot of red catches Jeongguk’s eye and he turns to see the frisbee lying in the grass behind him, but it’s sitting among pieces of his colored pencils, apparently broken under the combined body weight of the two of them.

“My pencils,” he says forlornly, and Jimin’s eyes follow his gaze, darting to the mishmash of broken art supplies.

“Oh my god, I did that didn’t I? I broke them.” In his rush to reach for the broken pencils he misjudges how close Jeongguk’s face is and headbutts him right in the nose. Jimin watches in horror as Jeongguk’s hands fly to his nose.

“Oh fuck,” Jeongguk’s voice is muffled behind his hands, leaned back and blinking furiously at the sky. Jimin freezes in disbelief, wide eyes staring at Jeongguk’s scrunched face. He snaps out of it, shouting apologies and reaches to--to do something but Jeongguk jerks back.

“Stop!” he screeches and he colors a bit when he realizes he’s yelling. Jimin snatches his hands back, looking hurt and embarrassed, but it’s not like he doesn’t deserve it a bit. “Just...am I bleeding?”

Jeongguk gingerly moves his hands from his face, the corners of his mouth pulled down trying to get a glimpse of his own face.

“You’re not bleeding and I’m really really sorry.” He stands up then offers a hand to Jeongguk. When he eyes the gesture warily Jimin can’t help but chuckle sadly, “I won’t hurt you this time, I promise.”

Jeongguk grasps Jimin’s small hand in his own, and Jeongguk tries to pretend it isn’t the slightest bit warm and comforting. Jimin hauls Jeongguk to his feet and he wobbles a bit. Jeongguk feels heat rushing to his cheeks when Jimin catches him at his elbow to steady him. “Thanks,” Jeongguk murmurs and they lock eyes and Jeongguk wants to look away but his eyes are so deep and brown, framed by these really long lashes, and Jeongguk is fully aware that he’s staring but to be fair, so is Jimin.

“I pulled the car across the street, is he still concussed?” They both snap their eyes to the boy standing a few feet away. If it’s possible, his face heats even more as he jumps away from Jimin, and he only realizes belatedly how incriminating the move appeared.

“No, no I’m fine. No worries.” He brushes a dirt and leaves from his clothes before turning back to the boy in front of him, “See? No need for the hospital.” Jeongguk thinks he’s home scot-free before Jimin’s high pitched voice comes from beside him. “Where’s the nearest art store, Hobi-hyung?”

“Um, I think there’s one a few blocks from here,” he replies, confused, “Why?”

“I’m going to walk--wait, what did you say your name was?”

“Jeongguk?”

“I’m going to walk Jeonggukie to get some new colored pencils. I crushed his in my crash landing.”

“No no no, it’s totally fine, you don’t have to—” Jeongguk turns wide eyes on Jimin.

“I *want* to, though.” Jimin’s voice dropped down quietly, and his face is so earnest and fills Jeongguk’s stomach with warmth.

“Okay,” Jeongguk says, just as quiet, and a small sheepish smile graces his face. Jimin doesn’t make a move to start walking, just smiling back, so Jeongguk keeps smiling as well.

Hoseok watches them just watching each other. “Okaaaay,” he says, raising his eyebrows at the both of them, “Well, anyway, I’ll see you later Jiminie.” He makes to leave, “Nice to meet you Jeonggukie.”

“Oh! Yeah, h-hyung? Yeah, nice to meet you too.” Jeongguk stumbles over his words as he snaps his eyes from Jimin (with great difficulty) to Hoseok. He stops for just a second to blow kisses to Jimin, winking at him, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do, Jiminie!”

“Hyung!” Jimin cries angrily after him before turning burning cheeks on Jeongguk, “Don’t listen to Hobi-hyung.”

Jeongguk just smiles at Jimin before something crosses his mind. “Oh shit, was he your ride home?”

Jimin shakes his head, “No, I actually just live right across the street.” He points.

“No way, that one there? The red one?”

“No, the one right beside it.”

“I live in the red one,” Jeongguk says, surprised, “I can’t believe I haven’t ever run into you before.”

“Yeah, well, I took care of that,” Jimin is still kind of embarrassed, but he’s smiling at Jeongguk, and Jeongguk feels a warmth blooming in his body. Jimin nods toward the exit of the park and Jeongguk gathers his stuff in his bag and they head out.

“So, are you an art major?” Jimin asks as he flips idly through the blank sketchbooks, while on the other hand Jeongguk is knelt down looking intently at the ones on the bottom shelf.

“Nah,” he says as he grabs one and stands, “I’m a psychology and accounting double major. Just an art minor. I’ve been drawing since middle school, though.”

Jimin nods, “I can’t draw at all. No one wants me on their team when my friends and I play pictionary.”

Jeongguk finds himself giggling like Jimin just cracked the funniest joke of the century, but he stops when he realizes how ridiculous he sounds. “What’s your major?”

“Pre-med, I’m in my last year. I start residency next year.” Although Jeongguk’s known Jimin for barely two hours at this point, he can pick up on the nervousness in his voice and just playing on his face.

“I’m sure you’ll make a great doctor,” Jeongguk looks him up and down (and tries not to swoon at the thought of what a tiny doctor Jimin would make; tiny and adorable) “and if you go into pediatrics you’ll already be on the kids’ level.”

“Okay, Jeongguk,” Jimin teases, shoving Jeongguk playfully, “short jokes already?”

Jeongguk shrugs as he laughs. They walk slowly up and down each aisle of the small art store, sometimes not even noticing the products as they whisper to one another. Jeongguk learns that Jimin’s only transferred to the local university this year, which might explain why they’d never run into one another. He has a soft spot for Christmas movies, loving even the cheesiest films (“excuse me, The Christmas Cottage is *artistic gold* Jeongguk”), and he broke his leg when he was eight trying to fly to the North Pole. By the time they’ve made it through each aisle, Jimin knows Jeongguk’s favorite food (kimchi fried rice with meat), that he’s secretly kind of afraid of statues (because he saw a certain episode of Dr. Who when he was way too young) and that he would be doing art professionally if he didn’t feel pressure from his family to go into accounting.

Eventually they find their way to the front, standing in front of a young girl with dyed hair and a pierced nose who definitely looks like she enjoys working at an independent art shop. Jeongguk sets his new sketchbook and 64 pack of prismacolors (a splurge), reaching into his bag for his wallet, when Jimin's hand rests on his intently.

"Don't worry, I got it."

"Hyung, these colored pencils are like—"

"I *broke* yours, Jeonggukie. Obliterated them. Let me at least replace yours."

He tries to hide his smile as Jimin swipes his card. The girl looks from one to the other, before smirking. She keeps her mouth shut as she bags up the supplies.

She hands the bag to Jeongguk, "Thanks, hyung, you didn't have to do that."

"I know, but I wanted to."

For the umpteenth time that day, they find themselves secluded in their own little bubble, small smiles gracing their faces. It's the sales clerk who breaks them out of it this time.

"Have a good night, guys!" She chirps, and they startle a bit before making a hasty retreat out the store. Jeongguk pretends he doesn't see the sly smirk on her face as they slink out of the store.

They're standing outside the store now, suddenly bashful now that they don't have an immediate task to focus on. Jeongguk's scuffing his toe on the sidewalk, trying to think of something to say so he's not just standing there with a dopey smile on his face.

"So—" "What—" They start at the same time. They both stop abruptly and laugh quietly at themselves.

"You go," Jimin prompts.

"No, you go."

Jimin takes a big breath before shrugging his shoulders and chuckling. "So, my favorite cafe is right around the corner, their caramel macchiatos are to die for, and they have the best cupcakes I've ever had. I don't know if you had plans for the next couple hours or..."

Jeongguk's shaking his head vigorously (he might've had plans to order delivery and gorge himself while watching Netflix and lamenting his straightedge woes to Taehyung but this seems infinitely better).

"Cool, so, uh, yeah, if you wanted. . ." Jimin seems to have lost all his steam in the two second interruption and seeing the blush rise on Jimin's cheeks is like Jeongguk's been punched in the stomach with a giant, flowery fist made of hearts.

"Yeah," Jeongguk confirms, and even he doesn't know where this suave bravado has come from. He expects it to run out in .2 seconds. "Lead the way?"

Jimin beams at him and Jeongguk bites his lip, trying to hold in his own smile as they head for the corner.

Turns out, a late lunch rolls into dinner, which rolls into a stroll in the park under the moonlight, which rolls into agreeing to meet up next week for a movie. Jeongguk bids Jimin goodbye, promising to text him later and takes the stairs two at a time up to his apartment. He's grateful that Seokjin and Yoongi don't seem to be home because he doesn't feel like fielding questions about the grin splitting his face right now. He flops face-first on his bed, smiling hard into his pillow, wondering just when would be too soon to text Jimin. He's still floating when something catches his eye. He turns and there it is, glaring him in the face, framed (Taehyung's idea) and hanging right beside his bed. The Hedonism Pact. He groans, even though he feels like screaming.

He picks up his phone, "Tae," he texts, "I think I'm fucked."

"So when was the last time you talked to him?" Taehyung asks, mashing the X button repeatedly, until Subzero kicks Scorpion through the floor to the bottom arena.

"Uh, what?" Jeongguk mutters, pushing his phone down between the couch and his thigh. He turns his attention back to the game in just enough time for Taehyung to hit the finishing move, the announcer

rumbling “FATALITY” as Scorpion is killed in the most violent way possible.

“Are you even trying, Kookie?” Taehyung whines, but when he looks up to see Jeongguk peeking at his phone again, he figures it out. “You’re talking to him right now, aren’t you!”

“No,” but Jeongguk has always been a terrible liar. Taehyung tosses the controller away before swinging his legs to Jeongguk’s lap (which Jeongguk frowns at, but Taehyung pays him no mind).

“I’ve seen you leave the bar with people you’ve meet the same night, but this,” he waves his hand in circles in front of Jeongguk’s face, “I haven’t ever seen this.” Jeongguk flushes because he knows exactly what Taehyung’s talking about.

“Fuckin’ heart eyes,” Taehyung says, and Jeongguk staunchly does not make eye contact. Taehyung’s giggles die down slowly, “You really like him, huh?”

“I do,” replies Jeongguk, and he tries to bite the smile back.

“Aww, Jeonggukie’s got a crush!” Taehyung teases, digging his fingers into Jeongguk’s sides. He only stops when Jeongguk threatens to pee on him.

“Has he kissed you yet?” Taehyung asks, chest heaving as he tries to get his breathing under control.

Jeongguk’s eyebrows knit together and he shakes his head.

“Have you even told him about the pact?”

Jeongguk’s silence is more than enough answer.

Taehyung huffs, “You have to tell him sometime, you know.”

“I know, but just,” Jeongguk picks at a piece of invisible lint on his jeans, “what if it makes him want to leave?”

“That’s dumb,” Taehyung retorts quickly, “he wouldn’t do that. And if he did, then he isn’t someone that you would want to be with anyway.” Jeongguk taps playfully on Taehyung’s shins in his lap as he thinks about it. Taehyung may seem a bit spacey to people who don’t know him well, but he’s perceptive and can understand people exceptionally well. And he makes a lot of sense most of the time when

you get through some of his gobbledegook. Of course he's right.

"When was the last time you jerked off?"

And just like that Taehyung breaks the comfortable silence they had fallen into and Jeongguk is rudely reminded that his best friend is a fucking idiot. "Taehyung, what the fuck?"

"No, listen to me for a second, we actually talked about this in psychology the other day," he props himself up against the arm of the sofa, drawing his feet under him. "Sexual frustration can cloud your frontal lobe, which is the decision making center of your brain."

Jeongguk turns a skeptical look on him as he taps the front of his head. "So basically, the hornier you are, the worse decisions you make. That's probably why you're worried about Jimin. You can't accurately judge how he would react because your frontal lobe is all fogged up with frustration."

Jeongguk opens his mouth to tell Taehyung that's the dumbest thing he's ever heard, but closes it. He tilts his head as he thinks about it, and it's not that ridiculous, actually.

"Huh." He thinks about it some more, before shoving Taehyung's legs off of him.

"Wait, where you going?" Taehyung bolts up to look at a retreating Jeongguk over the back of the couch.

"To clear my head." Jeongguk replies simply as he heads toward his room.

"Jeonggukie," Taehyung whines, face drawn up in something resembling disgust, "that's gross. I can't believe you're ditching me to touch your dick."

"Please, I hear you and Yoongi-hyung fucking all the time, that's what's really traumatizing."

Taehyung thinks about it for a second, "True." He flops back down on the couch, "Hurry up and come back so I can kick your ass in Mortal Kombat again!"

"Give me twenty minutes!" Jeongguk calls before he slams and locks his door.

Twenty minutes later, head clearer, Jeongguk realizes Taehyung was absolutely right because Jimin would never judge him for something so trivial. He decides he'll tell Jimin when the time is right. Before he puts pants back on and goes to join Taehyung again, Jeongguk shoots Jimin a text, asking if he'd meet him tomorrow after his art class. Jimin's enthusiastic reply is almost immediate, and Jeongguk finds himself smiling at the ceiling. So much for a clear head, he thinks, as it just gets fogged right back up, except this time with the thought of Jimin.

Jeongguk is sat at the very tiny table, fingers of his right hand covered in blue, purple, and red paint when he hears a familiar voice behind him.

"You know, when I saw Seoul Tots Art Center, I was positive you had accidentally given me the wrong address." The voice is lilting and teasing and Jeongguk smiles before he even gets up and turns around.

"Yeah, on Sunday afternoons I help with the Kindergarten art class. It's fingerpainting day, hyung." Jeongguk waggles the painted fingers in Jimin's face. Jimin sees the glint in Jeongguk's eye and fixes him with a look that attempts to quell whatever mischief is building there.

Luckily, Jimin's appearance doesn't go unnoticed, and the kids sitting at the table Jeongguk just vacated turn their attention to him.

"Who are you?" A small boy painting a purple tree shoots at Jimin.

"Honorifics, Jihoon," Jeongguk reprimands gently.

"Who are you, *hyung*?" Jihoon corrects, curiosity not dampened at all

Jimin kneels down so he's on the level with the children around him. "My name is Jimin, I'm here to pick up Jeongguk-ssi."

Jihoon doesn't look convinced but the girl beside him rolls her eyes before turning on Jihoon, "He's obviously Jeongguk-oppa's husband,

just like Mrs. Choi's husband comes to pick her up after class."

Jimin breaks out into a loud belly-laugh while Jeongguk tries to stop the blush rising to his cheeks, "Husband?! How old do you think I am, Haeun?" She shrugs, turning her attention back to the racecar she's painting, "I dunno, old?"

"They're probably just engaged," the girl beside Haeun ventures, and Jimin wants to ask Jeongguk why the girl is wearing a bright silvery helmet, but before he gets a chance Haeun asks, "What's that?"

"My mommy's engaged, she said it's what big people do when they love someone very much." Her helmet bobs as she nods sagely.

"No one is engaged, Alex," Jeongguk's waving his painted hands in front of him, but another girl down the table is already declaring that if that's true, she's engaged to her cat Chichi.

"So does this mean that Jeongguk-oppa's gonna have a baby like Mrs. Choi?" Haeun asks Jimin, and when Jeongguk stutters to a halt in reply Jimin bursts into loud guffaws.

"No way!" Jihoon yells as he stands from his seat, narrowly missing turning the water cup for their fingers over, "Jeongguk-oppa's not fat! Jeongguk-oppa has abs!" Jimin feels like he might actually die from laughter as he watches Jihoon beat his fists against his tummy to represent Jeongguk's rock hard abs.

Jimin is fully aware that he's not being any help, laughing so hard that he has tears coming to his eyes, but Jeongguk's blushing almost as hard as the first time he met him. "Alright, everybody, I think that's all the time we have in class today!" Jeongguk rushes, "Go pin your paintings up and head over to Ms. Choi's room!" The kids are easily distracted and are flying from their seats to head to the next room over.

There's only a few of them so it doesn't take them long to leave, and by the time they're all gone, Jimin's straightened up and is trying to compose himself.

"Thanks for the backup back there," Jeongguk deadpans and that sends Jimin into another peal of giggles.

"Sorry, I know," Jimin says but he doesn't look properly admonished, "they're cute, though." Jimin reaches down to help Jeongguk carry the fingerpaints over to the sink.

“Yeah, they’re fun,” Jeongguk says quietly, lining the paints up along the sink, “I look forward to coming here every Sunday.”

“What about the little girl with the helmet,” Jimin’s voice drops with concern, worried that she has some rare condition or illness, “Is she okay?”

“Oh, Alex?” Jeongguk responds, “Yeah, she’s fine, just a big Crayon Pop fan. I think her mom bought that helmet for her for Christmas. Wears it everyday.”

“No way, I love Crayon Pop.” Jimin’s voice climbs in excitement as he helps rinse the paint palettes off. Jeongguk looks at him in surprise, and he sees it in Jimin’s eyes and can’t help but tease him a bit.

“You’re such a loser, hyung,” Jeongguk says quietly, and when Jimin turns to him to defend himself he sees Jeongguk’s fingers shining with fresh paint.

“Kookie,” he’s eyeing Jeongguk’s fingers warily, and the mischievous glint from earlier is back, “don’t you dare.”

“What are you talking about, hyung?” he feigns innocence for a second before lunging for Jimin’s nose. Jimin jerks back, just barely dodging Jeongguk’s blue fingers. Jeongguk reaches for Jimin’s face again, but this time he ducks before he comes back up to catch Jeongguk’s wrists in his, holding him still.

Jeongguk’s still laughing, but then he looks at Jimin’s smile and he feels a stuttering in his chest. Both of them are panting a little bit from their scuffle, and the smile is replaced by something entirely different. Jimin pulls his bottom lip into his mouth, and Jeongguk notices that his front tooth is the tiniest bit crooked and thinks it’s the most adorable thing he’s noticed about Jimin so far. Or maybe it’s his beautiful skin. Or his ski-slope nose. Or that way he has of laughing when he is embarrassed and he finds something so funny. Or the way his ears are tipped in red right now. Or perhaps his eyes and the way they’re dropping to look at Jeongguk’s mouth. There’s heat radiating between them and he feels a draw to close the small bit of space when

“Jeongguk-oppa?” Alex appears suddenly (or maybe not so suddenly because it’s not like Jeongguk would’ve noticed right now anyway), completely unaware of the moment that’s happening and sufficiently breaking it.

They jump apart, putting almost three feet of space between them as he wipes his fingers on his apron. "What's up, Alex?" He kneels down so he can see her eyes clearly.

"Jihoon said that my helmet was stupid," she starts, bottom lip sticking out, "and that I looked silly wearing it."

"Well, that's not true," Jeongguk shakes his head, "your helmet is super cool. Jihoon is probably just upset that he didn't think of it first."

"Are you sure, oppa?" Her voice is still wavering and quiet.

"I'm sure," Jeongguk nods firmly, "Next time someone makes fun of you or your helmet, you just tell them you are flawless and perfect just the way you are, okay?"

This seems to make her feel better, and she breaks out into a bright smile, "Okay, oppa." She runs away, headed back to Mrs. Choi's room before she turns back abruptly, "Can I punch him, oppa?"

Jeongguk tries his hardest to not laugh, but a small chuckle escapes anyway, "You can't punch him, though, Alex." She sighs in defeat before skipping back into the other room.

"I'm not going to pretend that wasn't the cutest thing I've ever seen you do," Jimin says once they're alone again.

Jeongguk stands and blushes, suddenly sheepish that Jimin had witnessed that whole thing. "I like them, and I like working here, so I try to do the best I can." Jeongguk takes his apron off and hangs it beside the sink. "C'mon, let's get out of here." He does something especially bold, grabbing Jimin's hand in his, blue fingers and all, and leads them out of the art center. He smiles to himself when Jimin squeezes his hand in return.

"Jimin, this movie is terrible and it's September." Jeongguk laughs and squirms away as Jimin pokes him in the side.

"You shut your mouth, Santa Baby is a masterpiece for any time of the year." Jimin pouts but concedes enough to pause the movie. He

reaches for Jeongguk's hand, tangling their fingers together, causing warmth to flush through Jeongguk's body.

"So if you're the Grinch reincarnated—" ("I never *said* that!") "what's your favorite holiday?" Jimin's turned on Jeongguk, eyes sparkling. "Halloween, isn't it?"

"No!" Jeongguk yelps, but the way Jimin is smiling tells him that Jimin knows he doth protest too much. If anyone else were able to read him so quickly and easily Jeongguk would be apprehensive, but with Jimin... "Okay, yes."

There's a lull in the conversation, a comfortable quietness that settles over the two of them. Jeongguk holds Jimin's hand in his own, turning it side to side as he studies it idly. He glances up and catches Jimin's eyes, and a nervous, excited jolt runs through him at how dark and hooded they are. Technically this is their third date, so it would be perfectly acceptable for Jeongguk to tilt Jimin's face forward by his chin, kiss him gently and sweetly like he's done to past romantic interests. But this feels different, almost entirely new and it fills Jeongguk with rumbling excitement. These butterflies dancing their way around his stomach are almost completely unfamiliar and Jeongguk wants to indulge in it for as long as possible. So if Jimin wants to take things slow, Jeongguk's not going to argue.

Somehow, Jimin's gotten a lot closer, like they were earlier in the art center, except there's not a tribe of children just one room over. He's so close he can feel Jimin's breath washing over his face, and Jeongguk is almost afraid of moving, almost afraid that this will disappear if he moves a muscle. His chest is heaving and he wants nothing more than to lean forward and close the infinitesimal space between them when—

"You can kiss me, you know?" Jimin's voice is teasing, but it's also deep and rough and sending shivers down Jeongguk's spine. He leans forward, and it's like electricity down to the tips of his fingers and toes when their lips finally make contact. Jimin's so soft, just like he imagined, and he tastes sweet like the vanilla ice cream they got earlier, but there's an underlying spiciness, cinnamon-like, that he just can't get enough of, and he pushes forward to get more. Jimin's hand comes to rest on his hip, the other going up to run his fingers through Jeongguk's hair and he pulls Jeongguk closer. Jimin's tongue slides lightly along the seam of Jeongguk's lips and his jaw drops obediently, allowing Jimin to press forward, explore. Jimin's tongue is soft, but it's driven, exploring with a purpose. Eventually the burning in his

lungs becomes too hard to ignore and Jeongguk pulls away, breathing hard. Jimin wants to laugh at the look of almost surprise he has on his face, but instead he noses against Jeongguk's cheek and whispers, "You can kiss me again, you know?" Jeongguk chuckles darkly before kissing Jimin again, this time deeper, harder. Jimin breaks away just enough to speak hotly against his lips, "And again," and Jeongguk kisses the words from his mouth this time, swallowing them deep inside until they bloom in heat. The way Jimin's chest is heaving is as if he's saying "again, again," and Jeongguk can do nothing but obey, kissing and kissing, tongue delving to taste every corner of Jimin's mouth, every bit of *Jimin* that he can get.

They stay like that until they're exhausted, bodies thrumming with muted energy. Finally, Jimin pulls away to rest his forehead against Jeongguk's chest, still holding him close and, dimly, Jeongguk wonders how they ended up horizontal on Jimin's couch. Their legs are tangled together, and Jeongguk wants nothing more than to stay here all night, hand holding Jimin solidly at the small of his back, bodies flush.

"I have to work tomorrow, Jimin," Jeongguk says quietly, but makes no motion to actually remove his limbs from between Jimin's.

"Quit." Jimin replies, speaking directly into Jeongguk's warm chest.

"You're joking but. . ." Jeongguk laughs quietly. Jimin doesn't need to know how often he's actually thought about doing just that. Jeongguk can feel Jimin smile against him, and he's thankful that he takes the initiative to disentangle them. If it were up to Jeongguk, they might never actually move.

"No, go be a productive member of society," Jimin is standing from the couch and Jeongguk swears he isn't ogling the tiny strip of skin that shows when Jimin stretches his arms over his head.

When Jeongguk's slipping his shoes on, he turns back to Jimin. His lips are swollen and bruised--probably because Jeongguk has a thing for love bites--and Jeongguk wants to swoop back in, but he knows if he does he knows he might not stop and find himself jeopardizing other things. Still he takes Jimin's hand in his own before bringing it to his mouth to kiss his fingers.

"I'll see you later?"

Jeongguk delights in seeing a fierce blush rush to Jimin's face, complementing his bruised lips quite well.

“Yeah,” Jimin squeaks before clearing his throat, “Yeah, I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Somehow the door manages to get closed between them, and Jeongguk feels like he’s walking on clouds the short way to his apartment building next door. Seokjin and Yoongi are in the living room when he gets home, but they pay him no mind as he floats to his room, barely a word spared in greeting. As he’s getting ready for bed, giddy feeling coming in waves as he relives his favorite parts of the day (here’s a hint, it’s all of them), a tiny, gnawing feeling reminds him that he didn’t tell Jimin of very important *things* but he relaxes a bit when he tells himself that they’ll just take things slow and cross that bridge when they get to it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jeongguk finally tells Jimin about the pact, and maybe some rules get bent.

“You two are so disgustingly cute all of my fuckin’ teeth are going to rot out.” Taehyung jabs his spoon that was just stuck in his pudding cup at Jimin from his spot on the floor. Jeongguk ignores him in favor of sending Jimin another snap of himself getting ready. “Seriously, I’m sending you my dental bills.”

Jeongguk tucks his white shirt into his slacks, before pulling his blue suit jacket from the closet and slipping it on. He studies himself in the mirror, turning this way and that, before nodding to himself and turning back to Taehyung.

“Eyeliner or no eyeliner?”

Taehyung studies his face for a bit, “Are you capable of doing eyeliner without doing ‘fuck me’ eyeliner?”

He stares for a second before sighing because Taehyung’s right. Really it’s because he sucks at doing his liner, so it usually comes out smudged--not really a bad thing for the nightclub, but maybe not the look for Jimin’s ceremony.

“Here, I’ll do it. Sit on the bed,” he directs Jeongguk to take a seat on the edge of the bed before taking the eyeliner pencil from his desk. He tips his head up, holding his chin in his hand gently before carefully starting to rim his eyelid.

“So have you told him about the pact yet?” Taehyung says, engaging Jeongguk in conversation because when he talks more he flinches less.

Jeongguk just hums to avoid answering his question outright, and that’s really all the answer Taehyung needs.

“It’s been like a month, surely it’s come up in conversation at least once. You’re saying he hasn’t tried to get in your pants at least once?”

Taehyung watches Jeongguk’s eyes flick away, a small blush rising to his cheeks. “We do stuff....” he mutters.

“Stuff?” Taehyung questions.

“Just making out, really. He hasn’t...he hasn’t really tried to take things further.”

“Making you wait, I see.” Taehyung moves around Jeongguk’s knees to get at the other eye.

“He seems to want to take things slow, which is cool with me, you know. I kind of like knowing we have an emotional connection as well as a physical connection.”

Taehyung sighs, carefully tugging Jeongguk’s eyelid, “You know you’ll have to say something sometime. And you’re already forty-five days in! The pact is practically over with!” Practically over with is still not over with, Jeongguk thinks.

“You’re frowning. Stop or I’m going to mess up your liner,” Taehyung pouts, stepping away, “Why are you frowning?”

“It’s just,” Jeongguk starts and he looks down at his hands, “what if he doesn’t try to take things further because it’s not, I don’t know, if he’s not serious about it?”

“Jeongguk, are you kidding me right now?” When Jeongguk looks back up Taehyung is looking at him disbelievingly. “He’s so into you it’s honestly stomach turning, and you are the same exact way. Like I could write fluff fanfiction about you two, it’s seriously nauseating.” Jeongguk still looks unconvinced but then Taehyung sighs a little, “Look, I know this whole emotional connection thing is new for you, and it’s scary and all that jazz, but sometimes you have to take a chance.” He takes Jeongguk’s chin in his hand again, starting back on his eye make up, “And if you have to take a chance, you can’t miss with Jimin. He’s just as head over heels for you as you are for him, it’s obvious.”

Jeongguk exhales through his nose, trying not to move too much, with a small smile on his face, “Thanks, hyung, sometimes you do actually make sense.”

“Yah!” Taehyung complains, holding up the eye pencil, “Are you sure you want to get smart while I’m holding a sharp object so close to a vital organ?” Jeongguk bites his smile away, eyes still sparkling with mirth.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

He pulls his car up to the building next door and texts Jimin that he's outside. They've been seeing each other for almost a month now, of course, but it's the first time a date has been such a big deal. Jimin had told him about the fancy award ceremony a couple weeks ago and had stressed that it was strictly a black tie affair. Jeongguk's been to a couple similar things for his job, but he's still completely unprepared for when Jimin comes bounding from his building. If Jeongguk wasn't already leaning on the side of his car he would have fallen over, because Jimin looks *good*. He's got on black slacks, a white shirt and a black skinny tie to match the black lapels of his white suit jacket. The whole thing is tailored to fit just right, hugging Jimin in all the places he deserves to be hugged. Jeongguk's dimly aware that he may be staring, but...damn.

"What?" Jimin stops short when he notices Jeongguk's stare. "What? Is there something on my face?" His hand comes up to wipe gently at his cheek.

"No," Jeongguk snaps out of it--and snaps his eyes to Jimin's face because that's definitely not where they were before--and crosses to Jimin. "No, you just look," he gulps, voice strained, "really good."

"Oh," Jimin gives Jeongguk a shy little smile, "Thank you."

Jeongguk pulls Jimin forward by his waist to plant a small kiss on the corner of his mouth before he opens the passenger side door.

Jimin smiles, teasing, "What a gentleman."

Jeongguk just ducks his head in embarrassment, trying to hide the smile from his lips. He closes Jimin inside before running back to his side.

The academy isn't far away, but it does take a while to get there. Usually Jimin is chatty and giggly, but Jeongguk picks up on his energy right away.

"Hey, what's up?" he asks, glancing over at Jimin.

"What?" Jimin jumps a bit, as if startled out of his thoughts, "Oh, um, I'm just a little nervous, I guess." He pulls at his seatbelt nervously,

fiddling with it until he forces his hands to stay still. “They said I would be getting an award, but they didn’t say what for, so.”

“That’s a big deal!” Jeongguk congratulates, “Are you giving a speech?” He sees Jimin’s eyes open wide at the thought, as if the idea hadn’t even crossed his mind.

“A speech? I didn’t write a speech. Oh my god, Kookie I didn’t--”

“Okay, okay, calm down,” Jeongguk says and he reaches over the console to grasp Jimin’s hand in his, squeezing it tightly. “I’m sure they would have told you if you needed to have a speech ready.”

Jimin stares for a second then nods. Right.

Even though Jimin calms a bit, Jeongguk doesn’t let go of his hand until he’s handing the car off to the valet.

The building is super fancy, fancier than Jeongguk would have any reason to visit at any other time, and once they’re inside they’re lead to the second row of seats that are marked “reserved.”

The award ceremony goes smoothly, and when Jimin is called to the front to receive his Student Favorite award, he gets away with a beaming smile and no speech. Jeongguk congratulates him when he returns to his seat with a long hug and a discreet, but sweet, kiss on his temple.

Now, based upon the demographic of families that send their kids to the school Jimin teaches part-time at (“uppercrust fancy cheese eaters, Jeonggukie, the whole lot of ‘em!”) Jeongguk wouldn’t expect them to, well, *turn up* so much, but this afterparty is off the charts.

There’s champagne on fancy silver trays being carried by the staff every which way he looks, and at least four fully stocked bars about the giant ballroom. Parents who managed to get babysitters for their kids are everywhere, and many of them are flat-out drunk at this point. Jeongguk’s managed to withstand the alcohol, choosing to indulge in the plentiful finger foods instead, but he can’t say the same for Jimin, who’s currently downing the last of his third flute of champagne.

“Come dance with me.” His voice is low and sultry, and Jeongguk has no power to resist. He allows Jimin to pull them to the dance floor, where the mass of dancing bodies pushes him flush to Jimin’s backside. The deep bass pulsing through the sound system isn’t from a

hip hop club banger like he'd be used to, but it still vibrates his bones, causing him to pull Jimin closer, bodies rolling together like they were made for it.

Jeongguk pulls Jimin until there's barely space for a gasp between them and Jimin leans his head back on Jeongguk as their bodies keep moving. "What kind of dancer did you say you were?" Jeongguk whispers into Jimin's ear, leaning forward a bit to lightly nip at his earlobe.

A full shiver runs through Jimin's body, and his voice is breathless and he's so close to outright panting, "Well, I was classically trained, modern, ballet, you know, that kind of stuff...but I'm really passionate about hip hop."

Jeongguk hums, "If I didn't know any better I'd say there was a pole involved with your kind of dancing."

Jimin chuckles and turns to face him before pulling him into a meltingly slow and deep kiss, "No, but I don't really need one, do I?" And he pulls Jeongguk closer, until there's no space at all between them and grinds.

It takes all of Jeongguk's strength to resist rolling his eyes into the back of his head. Part of him is screaming to slow down, screaming that this trajectory is leading to places he's not sure he can back out of, but the other part is so close to pulling Jimin into the bathroom of this swanky ballroom and fucking him so hard he can't walk straight. It's that part of Jeongguk that whispers into Jimin's ear, "Let's go back to your place?"

Jimin manages to get them off the dancefloor so quick Jeongguk's head is left spinning, but he's thankful it's relatively dark and most of the other people are pretty drunk, because he's definitely at least half hard in his dark slacks.

The time between the ballroom and Jimin's apartment does nothing but serve to get them even more worked up. The blush is high on both their cheeks, and Jeongguk swears that the valet fucking smirks at them as he pulls their car around, as if he knows *exactly* where they're going and what they're going to do. Neither speak much on the car ride home, but Jeongguk's hand is planted firmly on Jimin's thigh the entire way there, and the air is heavy with anticipation.

Once Jimin finally gets his door unlocked and they get inside, the energy is still buzzing around them, but they stand a couple feet apart

for a minute. Somewhere along the way, Jimin loosened his tie, revealing the tantalizing tanned skin under the collar of his shirt, and his hair is sticking up, probably from where his hand's been running through it and Jimin already looks so disheveled. He doesn't realize how deeply he's breathing and Jimin looks *so good* and this is the first time Jeongguk's will has been really tested in this arena. Jimin's eyes rake up Jeongguk's body before interlocking their gaze, and Jeongguk watches him lick his lips slowly before sucking the bottom lip into his mouth to bite it and Jeongguk's resolve crumbles. He crosses to Jimin before reaching down to bring his lips to his, smashing together and sending a shiver down both their spines.

He pushes Jimin's suit jacket from his shoulders in record time, revealing the black suspenders in stark contrast to his white shirt and Jeongguk groans. "Fucking suspenders," he says, running his fingers up under them, fingers gently brushing Jimin's nipple over the cloth, causing him to throw his head back. "No wonder your ass looks great," and Jeongguk reaches around to squeeze said ass, effectively pulling them closer together, "I mean, that's every day, but still, so good," Jeongguk knows he's babbling, but Jimin just reduces him to fragmented sentences and incoherent thoughts.

Jeongguk pins Jimin against the wall, lips trailing and sucking down his neck, and when Jeongguk pops the top button on his shirt revealing Jimin's collarbone, he sucks a hickie there too. Jimin cries out, eyes slammed shut, and Jeongguk knows Jimin must still be tipsy because he's moving frantically against Jeongguk, hips desperately seeking any friction they can find. Jeongguk shoves the suspenders from Jimin's shoulders and reaches down for the button to Jimin's trousers, and he's so turned on his fingers are having trouble getting them unbuttoned.

"Kookie, Kookie, c'mon," Jimin moans, voice trembling, and his voice is finally enough to snap Jeongguk from his fog and think for two seconds.

"Fuck, fuck," Jeongguk jumps back from Jimin as if he's been burned, "wait, no." He runs his hand through his bangs before running it hard down his face, trying to clear his mind.

Jimin looks at Jeongguk wide-eyed, mouth dropped open in confusion, "What? What's wrong?"

"I can't do this."

Jeongguk watches an array of emotions play across Jimin's face before he sighs, "What? You have a girlfriend, don't you? Boyfriend? I should've known." Jimin's talking too fast for Jeongguk to get a word in. A look of panic crosses his face. "Wait, are you a virgin?"

"No!" Jeongguk stutters in reply, "No, Jimin, none of those things."

Jimin stares for a second before his eyebrows draw together. "Oh," he says quietly, and Jeongguk watches Jimin falter, tugging at his shirt hem, "is it me, then?"

And this is exactly what Jeongguk wanted to avoid; the last thing he wanted to do was give Jimin insecurities. "No, god no, Jimin. You're great," he moves closer to take Jimin's hand in his, "Beautiful. I just," he pauses, "it's a long story?"

Jimin raises an eyebrow. "I got time."

So Jeongguk heaves a big breath before he starts at the beginning, tells him everything so far. About the wild parties, the excessive drinking, how he would partake in "illicit activities" more than he probably should, about the string of random hookups and how all of it made him feel like he was concentrating on all the wrong things, about how the things that really mattered in life seemed to be passing him by.

Jimin listens diligently until Jeongguk stops, hand never leaving his the entire time before he says, "So...you're not a virgin?"

Jeongguk can't help but laugh before shaking his head.

"You just want to be celibate for a while?"

Jeongguk looks at Jimin, a small part of him afraid of how this development will affect them. "Uh, yeah. I guess that's the best way to say it...for the next 45 days, at least." He glances at the watch on his wrist and sees that it's after midnight, "44 days."

"Well, why didn't you just say so? I can wait for you, until you're ready, Jeongguk." Jimin chuckles and Jeongguk wonders how it could be so easy, how he could be so lucky.

"I'm ready *now* Jimin," Jeongguk urges, and he pulls Jimin closer as if to demonstrate just how ready, "I don't think you even understand how much I want to--how much I want to take that step with you, but..." His voice drops.

“You made a promise to yourself?” Jimin suggests understandingly, and Jeongguk nods.

“I respect that. And you.” Jimin leans forward to catch Jeongguk’s lips lightly in his, “You’re going to have to try harder than that to get rid of me.” And there’s a smile playing at his lips, and Jeongguk is overcome with affection. Before he knows it, his mouth is running away from him again.

“So does this mean--do you want to--uuhhh,” his tongue is tripping over itself and he’s starting to blush again, eyes darting around the room to look anywhere but at Jimin.

Jimin’s mouth cocks in a smirk, “Are you asking me if I want to be exclusive?”

Jeongguk sighs in relief, finally able to meet Jimin’s eyes, “Yes.”

He expects Jimin’s smirk to go away, but when it doesn’t Jeongguk knows he should be a little worried. “Okay,” Jimin smiles, “Well go on, ask me then.”

Jeongguk just stares, heat rushing throughout his face as it lights up in embarrassment, “But you just said—”

“Ask me,” Jimin singsongs, voice lilting and teasing.

Jeongguk huffs, cheeks aflame, “Why are you making this difficult.”

“Ask me,” Jimin teases again, almost reveling in the fact that Jeongguk’s about to die of embarrassment.

“Will you, Park Jimin,” Jeongguk grits out, “be my boyfriend, dammit.” He’s staring steadfastly over Jimin’s shoulder, knowing that if he sees the glint in Jimin’s eyes he will literally burst into flames of awkwardness.

“Well,” Jimin starts and Jeongguk stares at him, eyes wide as if to say ‘are you fucking kidding me’ but Jimin can barely keep it up before he dissolves into giggles, “I’m kidding. Yes, you loser, I will be your boyfriend dammit.” He pulls Jeongguk in for a kiss, smiling into it and Jeongguk indulges in the warm glow lighting his belly.

Jimin pulls away, seeming to collect himself for a bit before asking, “So do you want to go to bed?”

Jeongguk looks at Jimin incredulously, as if their entire conversation ten minutes ago was for nought.

Jimin picks up on Jeongguk's face immediately, waving his hands in front of him, "No, I m-mean to like, cuddle! And maybe watch a movie? No sex."

Jeongguk breathes a sigh of relief, chuckling. "Yeah. Yeah, that sounds good."

He follows Jimin to his room, where they strip down to their underwear before Jimin pulls out two plain t-shirts for them to sleep in. Jeongguk thinks that Jimin's bed is literally the best, so much more comfortable than his own, and infinitely so when Jimin sets his laptop to Netflix on the nightstand before cuddling into Jeongguk's side. They talk for a bit, not really watching the movie before Jimin turns on his side, making himself the little spoon and pulling Jeongguk's arm over his waist. Jeongguk tucks his face into the back of Jimin's neck, where he noses at the short little hairs at his nape, and Jeongguk wonders how Jimin can smell like cinnamon and cherries all the time before he dozes off.

Jeongguk's always been a natural early bird, and the next morning is no different as he finds himself waking with the sun at 6:30. During the night, Jimin had switched positions, pressing his face into Jeongguk's chest. They're a mess of limbs, legs and arms entangled, and Jeongguk thinks this definitely ranks in his top five ways to wake up. He stretches, pulling himself from Jimin's octopus grasp, and in the process he feels Jimin pressing into his hip, morning wood making itself quite evident. He freezes. He's still thinking of the best way to handle this situation when Jimin shifts, probably seeking the heat Jeongguk had so rudely taken away, and his thigh brushes the front of Jeongguk's boxers. Jeongguk honestly probably hasn't been less than half-hard for the last twelve hours, and it feels so good because it's been *so long* and it's only just Jimin's *thigh* but he can't help the quiet groan that passes over his lips.

Jimin must be a very light sleeper, because even that quiet sound is enough to pull him to semi-lucidity. Once he realizes where his thigh is he yelps, "Sorry, sorry," apologizing profusely in his thick, sleepy speech, and makes to move it. Jeongguk's hand flies out, holding him still, "Wait. Ah, don't stop." Maybe he's still drowsy and not firing on all cylinders yet, but before he can think he grinds up hard, and the pleasure rushes through his body at lightspeed, eyes rolling towards the back of his head. Jimin gasps next to him, shivering, still not fully

awake. Jeongguk's hands move to Jimin's backside, pulling Jimin so his weight settles nicely atop him before thrusting lightly again. This time it's Jimin who can't help a moan, "Jeonggukie. Are you sure?" He rolls his hips down. Jeongguk nods fervently, hips still moving in their slow, easy motion. "J-just this. Trust me."

Jeongguk feels a shiver run through Jimin again as he holds him in his arms, and Jimin responds by leaning down and capturing Jeongguk's lips in his own, tongue delving into Jeongguk's mouth as he continues to roll his hips. Jeongguk moans into Jimin's mouth and tries to hold Jimin closer, tighter. They work up to a steady, easy, unhurried rhythm, pleasure gradually filling their bodies until they're almost overflowing. Normally Jeongguk would be trying to get off in the quickest fashion possible, but he likes this: likes the way the newly risen sun glints off of Jimin's deep brown eyes, likes hearing his tiny, free moans and tasting the gasps on his lips, likes feeling so close, skin-to-skin, that it feels like there's no room for anyone else but Jimin, Jimin, *Jimin*, drinking him in slowly, savoring until he's close to spilling over.

They've never done this before of course, but Jeongguk can guess that Jimin's getting close to his climax by the way he's swiveling his hips with intention, panting hotly into Jeongguk's ear, breath washing over his face.

"Jimin, Jimin, wait," Jeongguk manages to gasp out, and the whine Jimin lets out almost pushes Jeongguk over the edge. Jeongguk flips them over until he hovers over Jimin, and he's taken aback by how Jimin can manage to look *this good* when he's been awake for five minutes.

Jeongguk fits himself between Jimin's legs, fingers playing with the waistband of Jimin's boxers where there's quite an impressive tent, and Jeongguk quirks an eyebrow at Jimin as if to ask permission.

"What about," Jimin pants and gulps, "what about your pact?"

Jeongguk leans down and places a light kiss right under Jimin's bellybutton above the waistline, "Trust me?" Jeongguk feels Jimin shudder under his lips and Jimin nods.

He smirks as he pulls Jimin's (green plaid) boxers down his hips and feels his mouth water and heat rush throughout his body as he watches Jimin's hardness spring forward. It's maybe a little shorter than his own, but thicker and heavier, the head shining with precome

wrought from their grinding. Jeongguk wants nothing more than to lean forward and taste it, just the smallest lick, but he takes a deep breath until he feels like he has himself under control.

“Fuck,” he mutters, leaning forward and lips deftly avoiding said cock to kiss softly at Jimin’s belly. Jimin’s breathing heavily, bottom lip stuck between his teeth as he watches Jeongguk. He covers Jimin’s stomach in kisses, looking up every now and then at Jimin under his lashes until he gets to his nipples, tongue laving around one of the buds. Jimin’s reaction is immediate, hips thrusting upwards as he pants, “Oh god, Jeonggukie.”

Jeongguk would wager that he’s never been so hard in his life, but he gathers his wits enough to whisper in Jimin’s ear, tugging the lobe into his mouth, “Touch yourself,” he commands softly.

Jeongguk watches one of Jimin’s small hands dart to his cock, circling it in a firm grip, and his hips push up at the much needed friction as Jimin lets out a loud, wanton moan, “Ahh.” The sound bounces off the walls and he shudders in Jeongguk’s arms.

Honestly, they’ve probably been worked up for hours at the very least, so it doesn’t take long before Jimin’s set an insistent pace, hips bucking into his grip, hand gliding quickly. It’s like Jeongguk can’t keep his hands off Jimin as he works himself into a frenzy; he sucks and gently nips at Jimin’s collarbones, kissing up over his chin and jaw as Jimin’s chest heaves, crying out toward the ceiling. He minds his hands, though, careful to only press bruises into his hipbones, or pull and twist his nipples into tiny peaks. He runs his hand down the arm that Jimin’s working so hard, softly playing his fingertips along the back of the hand where Jimin is gripping himself, careful not to touch him directly.

Jeongguk can feel how tense Jimin is, can feel the muscles coiled just beneath his skin as he uses his own hand to pump his cock, thumb circling the head furiously, and when Jeongguk leans forward to capture Jimin’s mouth in another smoldering kiss Jimin has to break away to pant shakily, “Jeongguk, I-I’m, I’m gonna--”

He holds Jimin’s hip tightly, wound up impossibly despite still being in his boxers. He kisses up across Jimin’s cheek, over his nose, his forehead before he pulls back. He tries to hold Jimin’s gaze but Jimin’s eyelids are fluttering wildly, eyes rolling back with pleasure. He leans down, muttering gently in Jimin’s ear, “Yeah, that’s right Jimin, do it, come on, come for me babe.”

And Jimin does. Jeongguk watches as Jimin's body locks up for a split second before he's letting out a shameless wail when the waves of pleasure crash over him, jaw dropped and eyebrows furrowed in ecstasy, and once again Jeongguk has to get a grip on himself to keep himself from coming just from watching Jimin come. It's beautiful, waves rolling throughout his body, and soon it knocks the sound from his lungs as he flinches violently in pleasure with each spurt that lands on his stomach. Eventually it all rushes out of him, and he lies there soft and supple, trying to wrap his mind around what just happened.

Jeongguk watches him open his eyes slowly before they focus and settle on him, "Holy fuck."

"Good?" Jeongguk asks, maybe smirking a bit, but Jimin's honestly so far gone that he doesn't even care. Jeongguk absolutely deserves that prideful smile 100%, 10/10, A+, ten points to Slytherin.

"So good--I can't even," Jimin mumbles, eyes closing in respite, "shit."

He's pulling himself back together when his eyes fly open again, Jeongguk's tongue on his stomach, licking up the trails of come that had landed there. "Oh my god." He groans, watching Jeongguk kiss and lick his way up Jimin's stomach, "Oh my god, Jeongguk. Let me live."

Jeongguk can't help but chuckle until Jimin pulls him in for a deep kiss, tasting himself on Jeongguk's tongue. When he feels Jeongguk pressing into his hip, boxers still tented, he asks, "What about you?"

Jeongguk places another soft kiss on Jimin's lips, "I'll be fine. I just wanted to treat you to a good morning."

"Well good fucking morning to you too. Oh my god." Jimin sighs pleasantly. Jeongguk chuckles at the fact that there's a smile on his face, but Jimin's eyes are drooping again, blinks getting longer. He looks like he's on the brink of drifting off.

"Go back to sleep, babe." Jeongguk leans forward to gently put Jimin back into his boxers. "I'm going to head back to my place."

Jimin exhales sleepily through his nose as he reaches over to grasp Jeongguk's head, pulling him down until their foreheads touch. He rubs the back of Jeongguk's head gently, fingers slipping through the strands. His eyes are still closed, "I'll talk to you later?"

Jeongguk plants a chaste kiss on Jimin's lips, feeling the tiniest smile

there. "Of course."

He feels Jimin's hands slip away from the back of his head as he finally falls back into slumber. He puts his pants and shirt back on (steadfastly ignoring and readjusting his erection that refuses to go away) and heads back to his apartment.

Once he's faced with his front door, he feels the need to sneak in as if he's had a long night of debauchery even though he *hasn't* ...technically. He didn't break any rules in the pact; maybe bent them as far as they'd go, but definitely not *broken*. Jeongguk rolls his eyes at himself before just opening the door, toeing his shoes off and walking in. He glances around the living room, not expecting to see anyone because it's like 7:30 and even Seokjin shouldn't be up this early unless he has work.

He breathes a sigh of relief and heads for the kitchen, stomach rumbling, and runs right into Taehyung sitting at the table eating cereal. Out of Jeongguk's favorite bowl, no less.

Taehyung glances at him, goes back to his lucky charms, then does a doubletake, taking in Jeongguk's disheveled appearance. Not only that, but Jeongguk is almost positive that Jimin's littered his neck in bright red bruises and smudged his eyeliner and yeah, okay, Jeongguk probably does look a hot mess.

Taehyung's eyebrows furrow in thought for a second before he gasps, "You stayed at Jimin's last night didn't you." Except it's not a question, if the accusatory spoon he has pointed in Jeongguk's direction is any indicator.

He leaps from the table, crossing to Jeongguk, and Jeongguk stumbles back in surprise, back coming against the refrigerator. "You broke the pact," Taehyung hisses as if he's got the whole thing figured out.

"I didn't," Jeongguk yelps in defense, hands flying up and knocking against the refrigerator magnets Seokjin insisted on buying, "We didn't do anything!"

Taehyung narrows his eyes at him, "Nothing huh? So I guess these red splotches on your neck are from the curling iron, right?"

Jeongguk blushes, looking away from Taehyung, "Okay, maybe we fooled around a bit, but we didn't break the pact."

Taehyung dances away, "I knew it. I knew it! Tell me everything!" He

spins around the kitchen before sitting back in his seat.

“I’m not telling you anything after you practically accosted me as soon as I stepped into my own house.” Jeongguk retorts and he makes to leave the kitchen.

“Jeonggukie!” Taehyung whines, sounding hilarious in his deep baritone, “That’s not fair, I told you about the first time Yoongi-hyung and I fooled around!”

“Let me be clear,” Jeongguk says, “I never asked for that. That was a thing I did not ask for.”

Taehyung sighs, whining Jeongguk’s name again, “Come on, you have to tell me, it’s what best bros do.” Taehyung turns big, round pleading eyes on Jeongguk and normally Jeongguk would ignore that shit so fast, but this time he can feel it maybe working a little bit. “Pleeeassee?”

“Fine,” Jeongguk acquiesces, throwing his hands up, “I watched him jerk off then I licked up his come. Are you happy now?!”

Taehyung stops his fidgeting abruptly, staring at Jeongguk with wide eyes. Now that the room has dropped into silence after his outburst, Jeongguk can feel the heat rising to the apples of his cheeks. He watches as a slow smile finally starts to split Taehyung’s face. “Nice,” he nods slowly, impressed.

Jeongguk rolls his eyes and clears his throat, “Now if you’ll excuse me,” he turns to leave Taehyung sat at the kitchen table, “I have somewhere to be.”

“At 7:30 in the morning? What? That’s all I get? Where are you going?” Taehyung throws questions after Jeongguk’s retreating figure.

“To clear my mind.” Jeongguk replies.

“Does that mean what I think it means? No, we’re not doing this, Jeongguk, we’re not going to start using ‘clear my mind’ as a euphemism for jacking off.” Taehyung calls after him.

Jeongguk sticks his head back around the hallway entrance to sneer at Taehyung, “Hmm, someone’s testy. Maybe you should go clear your mind, Tae.” He narrowly misses the spoon Taehyung hurls at his face.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Normally Jeongguk would be nervous about how quickly Jimin falls in line in his life, but the boy is such a breath of fresh air and downright delightful that Jeongguk's having trouble seeing through all the hearts clouding his vision. Not that there'd be anything negative there for him to see anyway, or that he'd *ever* admit to being absolutely head over heels for Jimin. Which he is.

"You two are the absolute worst," Taehyung complains as he flips the television channel. Okay, so maybe massaging Jimin's shins where they're resting in his lap is dangerously close to cuddling, and maybe Taehyung is right. Jeongguk feels heat rise to his cheeks and he's trying to think of a comeback that doesn't just sound overly defensive when Jimin leans forward to plant a sloppy wet kiss on the side of Jeongguk's face.

"Maybe if we keep kissing he'll leave us alone," Jimin says to Jeongguk just loud enough for Taehyung to hear, teasing him. Again, Jeongguk would maybe be jealous with how quick Jimin's fallen into step with Taehyung, but their budding relationship makes him smile a little. Also, Jimin doesn't make out with Taehyung, so that helps a lot too.

Taehyung rolls his eyes but he can take a hint and be good natured about it. "Seriously, the worst," he says on his way to Yoongi's room. "And no fucking on the couch." He pauses. "For the next three weeks, at least."

"I'm sure you and Yoongi-hyung have already desecrated this couch in the worst way possible anyway," Jimin retorts to Taehyung's retreating frame.

"I'll have you know that we've only fucked on the kitchen table, thank you, and that was *one time* ." Taehyung backtracks momentarily to hiss at Jimin before continuing on.

"I wonder if Seokjin-hyung knows that," Jimin wonders absentmindedly as he lifts one leg to the other side of Jeongguk's thigh, straddling his lap.

“I’m pretty sure he and Namjoonie-hyung have done the same thing anyway,” Jeongguk grips Jimin’s hips tightly.

“Don’t talk about your brother’s sex life while we’re making out,” Jimin says.

“But we’re not making o--” Jeongguk’s shut up by Jimin capturing his lips and scootching closer on his lap so their fronts are flush. Jimin feels more than hears the rumble moan coming from Jeongguk’s chest. Jeongguk supposes this is a good way to pass the rest of their night. He’s certainly not complaining.

He does complain about the stupid company dinner that he has to attend tonight, though. He consoles himself with the fact that it’s not full suit and tie, so he doesn’t have to worry about getting his one suit dry cleaned. Also, the fact that Jimin looks damn right delicious in his pink button down with the sleeves rolled up helps a lot.

“Are you staring at my ass again,” he turns over his shoulder to whisper as they enter the elevator, alone thankfully, headed down to the basement restaurant where the dinner is.

“I’m just,” Jeongguk sounds vaguely amazed at both the fact that Jimin looks great and that the slacks manage to hold all that ass in, “you look *so good*. ”

“Thanks,” Jimin says quietly, leaning up to press a kiss softly on Jeongguk’s lips, “are you ready?”

“The real question here is ‘are you ready to see the corporate hell I work in every day?’” Jeongguk says as the door opens, revealing a swanky room with a buffet and tables. He recognizes some of the people from work already seated and eating. He steels himself and heads inside, taking comfort in his hand placed reassuringly on the small of Jimin’s back.

They end up seated at a table in the corner with a couple of his coworkers and his direct manager, all easily in the generation above him as he’s the youngest in the company by far. The food is pretty delicious although the conversation is decidedly lacking. One of his coworkers has Jimin trapped in a conversation about the time he

spent in America chasing his acting career only to end up on a multitude of their disappointing reality TV shows. The woman to Jeongguk's left has been showing him pictures of her daughter for the last fifteen minutes, despite that fact that Jimin is here obviously as his date. So when his boss directs a question to the table at large, Jeongguk jumps at the change in conversation.

"I've been working on the budget for the next financial quarter, and we've been cutting it close consistently for the last few quarters. Do any of you have any suggestions on how we can lower some of our overhead costs?" His boss, a short, paunchy man with a surprisingly bad comb-over, asks over the conversations around them.

Jimin looks from everyone else blankly, knowing he has no valid input in this realm, but he can see the eager twinkle in Jeongguk's eye. Jeongguk's been mentioning trying to get on this boss's good side for a while now, so if there was ever a chance, this was it.

Jeongguk waits his turn, letting his other, older coworkers answer first. Everyone has stopped talking for a second and this is his chance. "I was thinking—"

But his boss starts talking as if Jeongguk had never started, and when he notices Jeongguk's speech falter, he says something that explains it all. "This isn't really an appropriate conversation for an intern to be participating in, Jeongguk, but I appreciate your concern."

Jeongguk's eyebrows furrow and he looks back down at his food, ears starting to burn red from humiliation. He pretends not to notice Jimin's mouth dropped open slightly in offense on Jeongguk's behalf.

The conversation continues on around them for a few seconds more, Jimin stunned into silence and Jeongguk afraid of saying much more.

"I could use some more coffee, though. Jeongguk would you mind?" Jeongguk looks up as his boss pushes his empty coffee mug toward Jeongguk. He stares at it, knowing that if goes he'll definitely be in his boss's favor, but he's such an *ass*—

"Excuse me if this comes off the wrong way, sir, but Jeongguk's not on the clock." Jeongguk's eyes snap to Jimin in surprise. When he sees the slight tinge to his cheeks and the happy disposition that Jimin usually has completely gone he knows Jimin isn't enjoying himself any longer.

Jeongguk doesn't know what to expect next, but a chuckle from his

boss is still unexpected. “Oh, Jeongguk here knows that an intern’s job is never *really* done.” And his voice is awful, the kind of sickly sweet that’s full of derision and pride in his own power. It leaves a disgusting burn in Jeongguk’s stomach. “If he wants a favorable recommendation at the end of this internship, he knows he has to put in extra hours.” And Jeongguk feels anger flaring in his chest because he knows he’s *right*. He needs that recommendation to get hired on at the company full-time and there’s no way he’ll get it unless he asks ‘how high’ whenever they tell him to jump.

Jeongguk sighs slowly through his nose before standing, and he tries to ignore the humiliation and fury making his hand shake as he reaches for the cup. He’s surprised when Jimin’s hand suddenly stops him, resting on his own. “I’ll get it, Jeongguk.” Jimin can tell that Jeongguk is breaking, trying to hold it together. “You take a minute for yourself.”

Jeongguk excuses himself, heading for the bathroom while Jimin takes the coffee cup up to the coffee bar. It’s another minute or so before there’s a gentle knock on the door and Jimin’s arms are slipping around Jeongguk’s waist, nuzzling his face between Jeongguk’s shoulder blades comfortingly.

“Hey. Are you okay?”

He’s staring at himself in the mirror, watching how his body’s still shaking and his chest is heaving a bit. Jeongguk hates that his eyes well up when he’s at his angriest, *hates it* because crying makes him feel weak, and he’s not, *he’s not*. If that man wasn’t his boss he would’ve punched him in the face, and he tells Jimin as much when he turns in his arms.

“Don’t worry, I was close to punching him for you.” And Jeongguk doesn’t know how Jimin can smile at all right now, but he’s so thankful that he can because Jimin’s smile works wonders.

Jeongguk wasn’t aware the tears had finally spilled over until Jimin started brushing them away, hands gentle. “I’m sorry you had to see that, and I’m sorry you have to see me crying like a baby.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Jeonggukie. They’re terrible people and I’m sorry you have to deal them, I’m so sorry. It’s okay to cry.” He brushes the last of the tears away before holding Jeongguk’s face in his hands, pressing a sweet kiss onto his lips, “And you’re an angry crier, so what? I think it’s cute.”

“Shut up,” Jeongguk retorts, but he’s smiling and holding Jimin’s hands where they’re holding his face, and he leans down to knock his forehead against Jimin’s. “Let’s get out of here.”

Jimin heaves a sigh, “Fucking finally.”

It’s relatively late when they get to Jeongguk’s apartment; Yoongi’s room is quiet and dark, while Jeongguk’s pretty sure he can hear Seokjin and his boyfriend Namjoon in Seokjin’s room.

They undress in companionable silence, both rather emotionally drained from the night. When Jimin slips into Jeongguk’s bed he pulls him close, tangling his legs with his own. Jimin’s hot, body like a small, muscly heater, and Jeongguk can’t help but nuzzle his nose into Jimin’s nape. The sexual tension is still there--it never goes away, really, but they’ve learned to manage and handle it for the most part. It’s only three more weeks until time is up, and despite the many times they work themselves up only to eventually break apart, they’re confident they can make it to the finish line. Jeongguk’s thinking about that day, almost sunk into sleep when Jimin’s voice floats into the air.

“Why don’t you just quit?”

Jeongguk feels Jimin take his hand, playing with his fingers and holding it against his soft tummy. Jeongguk can’t help but rub his fingers against it; Jimin’s tummy is one of his favorite spots on Jimin, despite his protests.

“My job?” Jeongguk answers, but when Jimin doesn’t say anything, he continues, “And do what, Jimin? I’m almost finished with my accounting degree, and when that’s done I get an accounting job. That’s how it works.”

“But do you even *like* it, Jeongguk? You complain so much,” Jimin can practically see Jeongguk frown at the back of his head, so Jimin quickly corrects, “Not that that’s bad because I’ll always listen, but you just don’t seem happy.”

“I don’t really have another option at this point, Jiminie. If I did I’d be starting all the way over.”

Jimin turns in Jeongguk’s arms, and there’s a crease between his eyebrows, and Jeongguk wants to place his lips against it until it’s gone. “I just want you to be happy.”

“I *am* happy, Jiminie. You make me happy.” Jeongguk says, and mushy confessions like this always make a blush creep up his cheeks, so he hides his face into Jimin’s hair, planting a soft kiss there. He feels Jimin place a small, barely there kiss on his chest, over the softness of his tshirt, and heat radiates from where his lips connected. He *is* happy, whenever Jimin is there, beaming at him and gently teasing him and listening and. . . yeah, Jimin does make him happy.

It starts off slow. Jeongguk leans down to place a soft kiss on Jimin’s lips, barely beyond purely chaste, and it’s really just him saying ‘thank you. thank you for listening and caring,’ but then he pulls Jimin closer, hand at the small of his back. Jeongguk nuzzles his nose under Jimin’s ear, and then Jimin’s nails are raking gently up his back, and Jeongguk’s lips are kissing down Jimin’s shoulder, onto his collarbone. It’s really just supposed to be innocent, but then Jeongguk’s tongue licks kitten-like on Jimin’s collarbone and the quick exhale and shudder from Jimin has him moving closer so there’s no space between them. And then things start to slowly spiral out of control.

Jeongguk knows he should probably stop when Jimin climbs over him, placing his thick thigh on the other side of Jeongguk’s waist, straddling him. But it’s hot, so hot, and Jeongguk’s panting, trying to keep up.

“Jimin, Jimin,” his voice is shaky and barely in control, as his hands move to Jimin’s hips, moving them in a rhythm that has Jimin tilting his head back, eyes closed, taking deep, quivering breaths as he grinds down, swiveling his hips in a way that takes Jeongguk’s hiccupy breath away.

Just then Jimin leans forward, one hand on the wall behind Jeongguk’s head and the other twisting in the sheets just to the left of Jeongguk’s wide eyed, panting face. Jimin’s so close, Jeongguk can see his eyebrows pulled together, eyes so dark with lust, and his hot breath is brushing over Jeongguk’s face and god, *god*, it’s so good Jeongguk doesn’t want to stop. Instead, he grips Jimin harder, tangles his fingers in the back of Jimin’s hair and pulls him closer. He smashes their lips together and their tongues join the almost frantic movement

of the rest of their bodies. When Jimin nips at Jeongguk's bottom lip it sends an electric shock down his spine and he throws his head back, cry tumbling over his lips.

It takes a second for Jeongguk to realize through the pleasure induced haze that Jimin's saying something, "Jeonggukie, Jeonggukie, I need to know how far I can go." And Jeongguk doesn't know what on earth he's talking about until it finally clicks. "Nothing," he pants, "nothing beneath the underwear."

Jeongguk's equal parts scared and excited by the smirk that Jimin flashes him. "Okay." He nips at Jeongguk's earlobe before pulling back. Jeongguk whines at the sudden loss of contact, but he's quickly shut up by Jimin hooking his fingers into Jeongguk's basketball shorts, pulling them down so he's just left in his light grey boxers. As soon as they're off Jimin is back on him, and he's obviously got an action plan in mind, but he's teasing, creeping his lips along all the places that Jimin's realized drive Jeongguk wild: slowly up his neck, across his collarbones, stopping only a second to nip at his lips. His tongue pulls Jeongguk's earlobe in his mouth, sucking on it gently, and this sends pleasure down Jeongguk's spine, bucking his hips against the thigh Jimin's got pressed to his crotch. Jimin giggles into Jeongguk's neck and Jeongguk feels like he might actually explode.

Scratch that, he definitely might actually explode when Jimin leans down to suck Jeongguk's nipple into his mouth. "Oh fuck," he exhales, head lifting off the pillow as he bucks forward. It shouldn't feel this good, he shouldn't be reduced to panting just by Jimin's tongue laving around the dusky brown peak, just Jimin's thigh grinding down on his crotch shouldn't be enough to have flashes of color exploding behind his eyelids. But he can't stop the tumble of "Jimins" and "Oh gods" that shake from his lips. He feels like he's hurtling forward headfirst into pleasure and can't stop...but he probably wouldn't if he could.

The tent in his boxers is frankly impressive, and he's shaking minutely, pleasure smoldering at the pit of his stomach. Jeongguk's just trying to not burn alive, honestly, until Jimin's hand circles his wrist, pulling his hand up his chest where his tongue was just seconds ago.

"Here, you do it," Jimin's voice is husky and makes a shiver run down Jeongguk's spine. Jeongguk does as he's told, pulling and teasing, as he watches Jimin move down lower between his legs, knees sinking into Jeongguk's soft bed.

“Oh my god, Jimin,” Jeongguk whimpers when Jimin places a sweet kiss on the inside of Jeongguk’s thigh, just above the knee, lips so soft and light, and it’s not even his *tongue* but Jeongguk arches beneath Jimin anyway.

But when Jimin’s tongue does make an appearance, Jeongguk can’t stop the loud moan that leaves his lips, ricocheting off the walls. Jimin’s tongue on the sensitive skin is just as soft as Jeongguk imagined (which he did imagine, many times, on many lonely nights), and Jimin puts it to good use as he trails wet, open mouthed kisses up Jeongguk’s thigh. Jeongguk’s thighs have never been particularly sensitive, but as Jimin moves slowly, so, so painfully slowly closer to his crotch, Jeongguk worries he might shake apart.

Jimin’s lips come to a halt when he reaches the bottom edge of Jeongguk’s boxers, “Please, *please* , Jimin, don’t stop.” He feels more than hears Jimin’s deep, throaty chuckle as he switches to the other leg, starting just above the knee like he did on the previous one.

He doesn’t know if he’ll be able to take more teasing, as each second that passes with Jimin’s lips or tongue on him is excruciatingly exquisite. By the time Jimin’s repeated his torture and worked his way back up to Jeongguk’s boxers, Jeongguk’s worked himself into a frenzy. One hand is still pulling at his nipple while the other is dug into Jimin’s hair, twisting and pulling harder than he intends to. He can’t stop his hips from thrusting up desperately, dick searching for the smallest hint of friction. Something, *anything* .

This time Jimin doesn’t stop as his hands come up to hold Jeongguk’s hips still, thumbs rubbing delicious pressure on his hipbones, mouth hovering mere centimeters over the bulge where Jeongguk’s boxers are barely holding him back. Jeongguk’s overwhelmed by everything he’s feeling and not feeling, and he can feel Jimin’s hot breaths washing over his clothed dick and it’s not enough, it *can’t be enough* --

He opens one screwed shut eye to chance a look down at Jimin and the face turned back towards him knocks the breath from his lungs. Jimin looks downright salacious, and Jeongguk only has a second to take it all in, how Jimin’s pupils are blown and his lips swollen, how his hair’s a mess and the red heat risen in his cheeks, how Jimin can look so--so fucked out and they haven’t even *done anything* . He has just a second to stammer out “Jim--Jimin—” because he can’t believe it, even as the coil smoldering at the pit of his stomach snaps and the fire shoots it’s way up his spine, even as his hips snap one, two more times before he’s swept into an immense wave of pleasure. He comes

so hard he can't make a sound, air stolen from his lungs and mouth dropped open in a silent scream. He shakes beneath Jimin, back arching into almost a perfect bow, dimly aware of the small hands gently running up and down his thighs, as his orgasm just keeps going, far beyond his control as a low, earthy groan slips from his lips.

Finally, he surfaces back to the land of the living, panting and limbs deliciously loose. He feels Jimin's presence over him, and when Jimin sweeps his sweaty bangs from his face he opens his eyes, smiling a little. "Holy shit, oh my fuck," his voice is scratchy and slow and honeyed. When Jimin leans down to kiss him, tongue delving so sweetly, his leg catches against the front of Jeongguk's damp boxers and he seizes a little from the oversensitivity, unable to stop his small squeak that escapes between their lips.

Something in him makes him feel like he should apologize for coming without even needing to be touched, but before he gets a chance Jimin's kisses him again then pulls back, "Fuck." he breathes, and his voice is reedy and strained, "Fuck, shit, that was so hot." He peppers Jeongguk with kisses in between his words. He captures Jeongguk's lips in a kiss that makes his toes curl, and Jeongguk's going to tangle his hands in the back of Jimin's hair, wanting to keep him as close as possible, when Jimin pulls back. "I'll be right back."

"Wait, where are you going?" And Jeongguk can admit to himself that he sounds a little whiny right now but cut him some slack, he's still coming down from what may possibly be the best orgasm of his young life.

Jimin rolls over Jeongguk and off the bed, pecking Jeongguk one more time before heading to the door. "You know where I'm going," he says, and he fixes Jeongguk with a look that has his dick making a feeble attempt at life again, and oh.

Oh.

Jimin retreats to the bathroom and Jeongguk presses his face into the pillow beneath him, and tries not to think of Jimin jerking off in the next room, just separated by a singular thin wall, all because of him. God, he just. Jimin just. His ears perk up at what he swears is a quiet, distant moan, and he thinks he better put in his headphones before the pact ends up in real danger.

The next morning Jeongguk is sitting at the table, Jimin still asleep, munching on toast when Taehyung appears out of Yoongi's room. Jeongguk is honestly used to Taehyung practically living here as the fourth roommate, but what he says next catches Jeongguk off guard.

"You were loud as fuck last night, by the way. Lucky for you, everyone else went back out after you got in."

Jeongguk chokes on his toast, the dry crumbs finding their way down his windpipe. Taehyung pushes the orange juice he was pouring for himself across the table for Jeongguk to drink from. He gulps it down, letting out a strangled "sorry" when he's finished, but Taehyung isn't sure if his red face is from his choking or his embarrassment.

"No biggie, I'm sure you've heard me come plenty of times," Taehyung delights in seeing Jeongguk wince, "How was it?"

Jeongguk debates for a second before deciding to tell Taehyung about what happened last night. If anyone could understand the strangeness of the encounter, it would be Taehyung.

"So let me get this straight," Taehyung says, fingers dancing around the rim of the empty orange juice glass, "he didn't touch your dick at all?"

Jeongguk's eyes flit away for a second, but he looks back, honestly over the embarrassment of talking about things of this nature with Taehyung. If he can't talk with his best friend about that time he came in his pants like a hormonal teenager too excited at the possibility of getting his dick touched, then who can he talk to?

"No...not really?"

"And you still came?"

"Hardest orgasm of my life, hyung," Jeongguk exhales, leaning forward to place his forehead on his empty plate, just reminiscing about the night before. "I don't understand either. Just don't. . . Just don't let Yoongi-hyung find out, he'd never stop making fun of me."

Taehyung crosses his heart, scout's honor, but the very next time he sees Yoongi, breezing through on his way to the studio, he chuckles in

Jeongguk's direction. "I heard your new boyfriend made you come in your pants." Jeongguk's mouth drops open, the kart piloted by Luigi on the screen flying right into the abyss. He slowly turns wide eyes on Taehyung, who has the grace to look sheepish, before Yoongi smirks, "Did he get you with that scout's honor shit? You know he's never been a boy scout." He grabs his bag and heads toward the door.

Taehyung is babbling about how it's just understood that your best friend will tell their significant other when Jeongguk blurts in retaliation, "Taehyung told me about that time you called him daddy and he came on your face and you liked it!" Then it's Taehyung's turn to gape at Jeongguk, unbelieving that he would throw him under the bus like that. "What the *fuck*, Jeongguk." Jeongguk has a smug smile on his face until Yoongi processes the words and backtracks back through the front door of the apartment.

"When I get back, you're both dead." He raises his eyebrows, maintaining eye contact with both of them as he shuts the door.

"Great," Taehyung pouts, sinking further into the couch, "now he's gonna kill both of us." Jeongguk thinks it was worth it.

Jeongguk's gently telling Jihoon that scissors are only for cutting the construction paper and *not hair* when Jimin shows up to meet him. It's become almost a ritual now, Jimin meeting Jeongguk at the end of his volunteer shift on Sunday afternoons, then spending the rest of the day together before the chill part of netflix and chill gets too intense, at which time Jeongguk bids Jimin goodnight. He hates that part, having to leave Jimin wound up and needy, but with it getting down to the final days it's become a true challenge to keep from ravishing Jimin at the given opportunity.

After his brief meeting with Jihoon, Jeongguk joins Jimin by the front door. "Let me just help the other group wash their hands and then we can go, okay? We made glitter fish today, and if I don't wash up now glitter will get all over you." Jimin raises one suggestive eyebrow at Jeongguk's unintentional implication, keeping it tame for the young eyes surrounding them. Jeongguk blushes after a second, finally realizing Jimin's perverted interpretation. "Get your mind out of the

gutter, you pervert,” he mumbles quietly, but he links his pinky with Jimin’s for just a second before heading to the small group of five children waiting patiently for his assistance at the sink.

“Hyung, why do you meet Jeongguk-oppa here every time?” He looks down to see Haeun shoving her stuff in a pink Hello Kitty backpack.

“Well,” Jimin says, crouching down so he can look in her eyes, “Jeongguk-ssi is a very good friend of mine, and that’s what friends do.”

She nods solemnly, “Do you like him a lot?” The question catches him off guard, and he blinks, stuttering.

“You guys sure do smile at each other a lot,” Alex pops from under the table (Jimin wonders passingly what she was even doing under there) to contribute to the conversation. Her new yellow helmet matches the ducks on her tshirt quite well, Jimin notices.

“Uh, yeah, I do.” Jimin can feel his cheeks getting warmer and he kicks himself for blushing at the six-year-old’s straightforwardness.

“That’s good, Jeongguk-hyung deserves a boyfriend.” This time Jimin does actually choke as he processes the words from Jihoon (really where did he even come from?). He decides it’s time for a supreme conversation distraction.

“Hey, don’t you wish Jeongguk-ssi was your real teacher?” He reaches across the table to assist Haeun with her backpack.

“Jeongguk-hyung is our real teacher,” Jihoon corrects, confused eyes turned on Jimin.

“I mean, so you could see him every day.” Jimin explains, and a trill goes down his spine as he can see the cogs starting to spin in the children’s heads, effectively putting his plan into motion.

“Wait,” Alex starts, looking from Jihoon to Haeun, “Yeah, yeah that would be so cool!” He watches them chatter about the possibility for a few seconds before the walk over to the second classroom where Mrs. Choi is waiting, still talking about how cool Jeongguk is. Jimin finds it endearing that they find him so fascinating when Jimin knows Jeongguk is actually a giant loser who sleeps with an Iron Man night light. When he hears Mrs. Choi responding to the excited chatter of the kids Jimin smiles to himself, pleased that his plan has been set into motion.

Chapter End Notes

i really cannot believe the feedback this has gotten, between views, comments, kudos, and subscriptions i feel like you guys actually like this story or something. i'm joking, but you guys are amazing for serious.

i have a [tumblr](#) if you have questions/want to scream at me there as well.

also check out my [beta's work](#), she's da best. she okays everything before i pawn it off on you guys.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

before you get to the copious amounts of sex, i just want to say thank you for all the feedback i've gotten! it's literally mind-blowing, you guys made writing this 100% worth the effort!

now you're free to enjoy the copious amounts of sex.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next Sunday finds Jeongguk gasping and shuddering as he wakes in the middle of an intense orgasm. Once he realizes that Jimin is indeed not actually under him—or on top of him or beside him or near him at all—he lets the last ebbs of the orgasm spread throughout his body. He sighs before standing, knees buckling a little, before heading for the shower. He wishes he could say that this was the only time he's woken this way, woken up panting and with sticky underwear, but it's been happening more often as of late. With the last day only a week away, it was safe to say that he and Jimin were wound up until they were close to snapping. As a result, they'd tried to give one another their space, hoping the distance would make the sexual tension more bearable, but in reality it just resulted in more unsavory phone and text conversations.

Jeongguk washes, grabs the lunch that Seokjin packed from the refrigerator, skips by Yoongi passed out on the couch and heads for the art center. The day passes without much event, the only roadbump being Alex's affinity for random nosebleeds. She's since learned how to handle them mostly by herself—Jeongguk just does the dirty work of disinfecting the area afterwards, although he must admit the bright red adds an edge to her butterfly collage, even if it presents a biohazard.

Lately he's been having to stay a little later than his typical shift, so he's been meeting Jimin at his apartment instead of at the art center. He's seeing the last of the kids off, crouching down so the chubby faced child can give him a high five, when he turns and finds himself face to face with Mrs. Choi.

“Do you have a second, Jeongguk?” Mrs. Choi is a tiny woman (aside from her large stomach) but Jeongguk's seen her put the kids back in line with a simple look, so he thinks his nervousness is perfectly

reasonable.

“Of course, Seonsaeng-nim, what can I help you with?” He’s already heading toward the cupboard where they keep the cleaning supplies locked away when she stops him with a hand on his shoulder.

“Ah, no, no, I just want to talk to you about something.” She gives him a warm smile and Jeongguk relaxes a bit. He remembers why she works with young children.

“As you probably know, I’ll be leaving soon,” she says. Jeongguk’s eyebrows furrow in confusion. She chuckles, “Because I happen to be super pregnant.”

Jeongguk blanches a little bit, snatching his eyes up from where they glanced toward her large stomach. *Don’t be awkward, Jeongguk*, he pleads with himself. “Yeah,” he can’t help that his voice is squeaky, and the ridiculous throat clearing he does to get rid of the squeakiness doesn’t help. Smooth. “I might have noticed.”

Mrs. Choi laughs softly, very used to Jeongguk’s awkward quirks after a year of working together. She rests her hand on his stomach absentmindedly, “The center wants to bring you on full-time as my replacement.”

Jeongguk’s jaw dropped in response, eyes bugging as he tries to think of something to say. He manages to stutter a “What?”

“As a paid employee, of course, not as a volunteer.” She heads over to the coat rack to hand Jeongguk his own before slipping her own on. “The kids are familiar with you and like you. I like you. The bosses like you.” Jeongguk still stands there, coat in hand.

“You’ll be in charge of this class until the end of the school year, then the higher-ups want to expand into two classrooms next year: one lead by you and one lead by myself after I return from maternity leave.”

Jeongguk finally finds his voice, “But Seonsaeng-nim,” he’s still looking at her in disbelief, “I don’t know anything about—”

“Of course you do, Jeongguk. You do perfectly fine teaching, the only thing you’re missing is the degree. The school owner will allow you to teach while I’m gone because we really need a replacement, but they’ll want you to at least be close to finishing your art degree when you are in charge of your own classroom next year.” Jeongguk was baffled by the way she was speaking as if this was already set in

motion; there's no way he could *teach* , let alone *by himself*.

"I can't—" he starts again, but Mrs. Choi continues. "The school is willing to finance the rest of your art degree if you agree to work here for two years after you graduate." This time Jeongguk really does start choking on his own spit, not believing a word she's saying. She gives him a good whack on the back, outright laughing this time.

"I'm sure this is all a surprise, but you don't have to answer right away. You can think about it." She smiles at him, and Jeongguk manages something resembling a smile. "But you'd be great, Jeongguk. I believe it with all of my heart."

Jeongguk doesn't know when they reached the door, but now he's being ushered out, and the cold whips around him because he still hasn't put his coat on. She locks the door behind the two of them, flipping the hood of her coat over her head. "I'll see you next Sunday, yeah?" She flips him a thumb-up and he returns one back at her, hand shaking. He watches as she walks to meet a man standing a bit down the block before they continue walking together; Jeongguk presumes it's her husband.

Finally he snaps out of it enough to put his coat on and dig his phone out of his pocket.

Jeongguk: Hyung, you will never fucking believe what just happened to me.

Jiminie <3: What? Also I checked my mailbox, they must have come yesterday.

Jeongguk: No way. We have a lot to talk about.

Jiminie <3: See you soon?

Jeongguk: Be there in 30 mins.

"Which do you want to do first? The letters or your news?" Jimin is carrying two mugs of steamy hot chocolate (Jeongguk's piled high with mini marshmallows) to where Jeongguk is sitting on his couch.

"News," he says, reaching for the mug, "I thought maybe we could

open the letters at the same time?"

Jimin nods, smiling knowingly and Jeongguk colors a bit at the fact that Jimin knows how much of a sap he is. Jimin plops beside him, hot chocolate on the table to let it cool off.

"So, the news?" he prompts. Jeongguk proceeds to tell him everything that was relayed to him by Mrs. Choi, delighting in how progressively shocked he looks as he goes on.

"Holy shit," he says under his breath, "Holy shit, Jeonggukie, that's fantastic!" Jimin looks elated, and Jeongguk warms at the thought that Jimin is so invested in this.

"Yeah, but there's no way I could actually do it," he says, voice tinged with sadness. Jimin looks at him like he's lost it.

"What do you mean 'there's no way you could do it,' Jeongguk this is *perfect* for you, you could quit that job with the asshole!" Jimin is still excited but he tries to reign himself in, reaching for his mug of hot chocolate.

Jimin is making it sound really nice, how he would love to tell the accounting firm to kiss his beautiful ass, but he still has so many reservations. Abandoning the accounting degree, not getting the job at the accounting firm, majoring in *art* (and psychology? *jesus*), none of that was part of the plan. If he's honest with himself, it's a terrifying option. It must be showing on his face because Jimin speaks again, putting his hot chocolate down again before he has a chance to sip. "Jeongguk, I would support you whatever decision you came to, of course I would. And I know you. This path that wasn't part of the plan six hours ago, I know it's scaring the shit out of you." Jeongguk's lips dip down in a small scowl, lamenting the fact that he's so easy to read. "But as long as I'm here, you can count on me to help however I can."

Jeongguk still looks skeptical, "But how?"

Jimin grins, "It's easy. Finish the internship, tell them to fuck off when they ask you to sign on full-time—and they're gonna ask you, I know —, work at the art center in the Spring, finish your art degree in the Summer, and go back to the center in the Fall. It literally all works out, Jeongguk, you can't let this slip by you."

Jeongguk is nodding, considering before he begins to realize something; he narrows his eyes at Jimin, suspicions peaked. "You sound like you've thought about this before, hyung."

Jimin's hand holding the mug of hot chocolate stops abruptly, centimeters from his mouth. "Um, well," he puts the glass back down again, "it's just... you were so unhappy and I thought for a long time about how I could help you and I just thought if you could do art full time wouldn't that be awesome so I just mentioned it to the kids one time when you weren't paying attention but I didn't think they'd do *this* and I'm sorry if I disrespected some boundaries—"

Jeongguk stops Jimin's mildly panicked rambling with his lips, pressing up against Jimin's plump lips. "Thank you," he says breathlessly, and he delights in seeing the blush creep up on Jimin's cheeks.

Jimin gulps. Kisses from Jeongguk still makes butterflies flutter throughout his gut, and he's sure it shows on his face. "That's all I did. I really had no idea they would offer you all of this. Jeonggukie, I'm so proud of you."

Now it's Jeongguk's turn to turn bright red, and he leans forward to press his forehead into Jimin's neck, trying to hide his face. He presses a small kiss there in thanks. "Okay, let's open the letters."

Jimin slips out from under him to retrieve his letter on the coffee table while Jeongguk grabs his out of his bag. The envelopes match, a sturdy and official manilla envelope postmarked from the local health department.

"Remember Jeongguk-ah," Jimin grabs Jeongguk's wrist gently, soothingly, "no matter what these say, we're going to handle whatever's inside together."

"Together." Jeongguk confirms, gazing intently at Jimin.

They open the letters at the same time, Jimin unfolding his just slightly before Jeongguk does. The look of elation on his face is answer enough, but he still grins wide and toothy, "Clean bill of health!" He flips the paper around so Jeongguk can see all the different illnesses marked with a circled "negative".

A flood of relief rushes over him as he takes in Jimin's excitement, because they match. Not that he expected it to be any different, but still, it's a wonderful feeling to have it confirmed. Jimin's starting to worry because Jeongguk hasn't said anything, but for the second time that night Jeongguk answers by way of kiss, this time so exuberant that he knocks Jimin onto his back. He kisses Jimin deeply (Jimin's still very confused but still very receptive) and when Jeongguk pulls

back he holds his own papers up. “Me too,” he says quietly, and the smile he has is the smile that’s just for Jimin, secretive and kind. Jimin lets out a giggle before nuzzling his face into Jeongguk’s neck. “I’m glad.”

Jeongguk has to admit, 90 days ago this isn’t where he thought he would be when the pact finally ended. It’s a cold night, wind whipping harshly around his face as they troop back to his apartment. He hesitates for a split second, wondering if it’s maybe too much, before he reaches beside him to wrap Jimin’s scarf tighter around his neck. He can’t see anything but his lunette eyes twinkling above the grey scarf, and he feels his cheeks getting redder (it’s definitely not just because of the cold), and he gets even warmer when Jimin’s hand tugs gently to get at his own. They walk home, steps in sync and hip bones knocking periodically and Jeongguk feels lucky. Again, he can’t help it when he rubs his face into the top of Jimin’s head (he’s sure he’s pouting below him, as he does every time Jeongguk points out their height difference) because he’s so happy that Jimin chose to stick it out with him through everything, chose to encourage him to seek better opportunities, chose to be his rock. He’s so damn lucky.

They had all left the restaurant together—his brother and Namjoon, Taehyung and Yoongi and even Hoseok and his partner Jewel had joined in the celebration of Jeongguk’s new job. Somewhere along the way the rest of the group had slowed down, Jimin and Jeongguk ending up ahead, stuck in their own bubble. His apartment building has just come into view when he feels his phone vibrating in his pocket. He manages to disentangle himself from Jimin, digging for the phone when he notices the group behind him has dispersed. He looks at Taehyung’s name flashing on the screen before answering.

“You’ve got twelve hours,” Taehyung’s deep voice resonates over the line.

“What the *fuck* Tae, what does that mean?” The edge of panic in his voice draws Jimin’s attention to him.

“Oh. Sorry, that sounded unnecessarily ominous. No one’s going to kill you or anything. Well, Yoongi-hyung might if you fuck in his bed—”

“Tae! What are you talking about?”

“What I meant to say was that the house will be empty until early tomorrow afternoon.”

“Oh! Okay, um, thanks hyung,” he waves Jimin’s worry away, “I didn’t expect everyone to, I dunno,”

“What, clear out?” Taehyung retorts over the crackly phone line, “Are you kidding me? The unresolved sexual tension between you two is fucking nuts. We literally cannot be around you two without drowning in pheromones. Hell, Hobi-hyung has been to the apartment twice and even he can’t deal with you two.”

Jeongguk makes a choking noise, stammering into the phone.

“Whatever Jeonggukie, just don’t fuck on any surfaces that can’t be easily cleaned. Go nuts!” And the line goes dead before he has a chance to respond.

He pockets his phone, leading Jimin up to his apartment, giving him a brief overview of the conversation as he unlocks the blissfully empty apartment. All too soon they find themselves standing alone in the foyer, scarves unwound and shoes slipped off. Despite everything that has happened and how far he’s come with Jimin, he can’t help but be overcome with nervousness.

“You know,” he clears his throat, and he can only glance at Jimin’s beaming face, whose own cheeks are red and beautiful, scuffing his toes on the floor, “We don’t have to have sex tonight.”

He watches Jimin bite his lip and nod, “No,” he agrees, “We definitely do not have to.” A silence stretches between them for a second and Jeongguk’s fingers itch to reach across the small bit of space, to touch, to grasp, to hold. “But I would like it greatly if you fucked me through the mattress.”

Jeongguk snaps his eyes up Jimin and he’s smiling, but his eyes are dark and smoldering. It’s just a second before he crosses to Jimin, caging him in against the wall and capturing his lips in his. Jimin does this thing between melting and arching into Jeongguk and Jeongguk lets out an ungodly groan. “God Kookie-yah, I’ve been waiting for this so long,” Jimin says between their lips, grasping his fingers into the hair at the back of Jeongguk’s head. Jimin hooks a leg around Jeongguk’s waist and hops a little, Jeongguk hoisting him up and pinning him to the wall. He throws his head back when Jeongguk latches onto his neck, sucking and biting, “You? I was done for the first day we met, hyung, fuck.” Jimin gives a full body shiver and

Jeongguk pulls him even closer. "But tonight, tonight you're mine." Jimin grinds against Jeongguk's stomach, "Fuck, I hope you make good on your promises," Jimin mutters but it's lost when Jeongguk slams their lips together again. He tries to reign it in, to channel his excitement, so he licks sweetly at Jimin's bottom lip, sucking it into his mouth. Jimin tastes so sweet, like a tall drink of water when Jeongguk's been so, so thirsty. Jeongguk loses himself in the kiss, hands gripping Jimin's hips so hard that he might leave marks and god, god does he want to see that. He wants to mark Jimin up so the whole world knows that they belong to each other.

Suddenly Jimin thrusts forward with the tiny bit of leverage he has, and Jeongguk rocks back on his feet, "Take me to your room, Jeonggukie, come on," He leans forward to nip at Jeongguk's earlobe and he groans. He makes toward his room but then Jimin's tongue runs along the shell of his ear and Jeongguk's eyes flutter just long enough for him to run into the end table by the living room sofa. The lamp there teeters before toppling over, and Jimin giggles sultrily in his ear. "Eager?" And yes, hell yes, Jeongguk is so eager.

Once they're over the threshold of Jeongguk's room, he presses Jimin against the closed door, mouths still firmly attached, tongues dipping and swirling together, spaced apart by tiny, heated gasps or moans. Jeongguk holds Jimin up, hands full of Jimin's ass as he rhythmically grinds against Jeongguk's torso.

Suddenly Jimin is unhooking his legs from around Jeongguk and Jeongguk sets him down lightly. When Jimin pulls away, he's looking up at Jeongguk with dark, smoldering eyes, chest heaving and Jeongguk feels a trill of excitement up his spine. He pushes him away from the door until they're standing in front of the bed, and Jimin leans into Jeongguk's space, speaking quietly. "I want to take your clothes off," he says, breathless but determined and Jeongguk has practically lost the ability to speak so he just nods.

Jimin starts slowly, pulling Jeongguk's shirt over his head haltingly, and they take turns. Jeongguk's shirt is tossed to the side, and soon it's joined by Jimin's shirt, Jimin's pants. Jeongguk reaches for the band of Jimin's boxers but Jimin grasps Jeongguk's wrists in his hands, stilling them gently. Jeongguk watches silently, gulping the desire down his throat, as Jimin slowly gets to his knees. He exhales a shaky breath as Jimin places a soft, delicate kiss just below Jeongguk's bellybutton. He's looking up at Jeongguk through his eyelashes as he's undoing his jeans, as he's pulling his pants and underwear down over the crest of his hips. Jeongguk's skin is so sensitive that the roughness

of the clothes leaving his body has him shivering. He hears Jimin make a noise below him as he's met face to face with Jeongguk's hard member.

Jimin's hand is splayed wide across Jeongguk's hip, the other gripping his thigh, as he places more delicate kisses across Jeongguk's skin. "Jimin," Jeongguk's voice is shaky, his fingers stuck in Jimin's red hair. He's surprised again when Jimin gasps, and Jeongguk can even feel Jimin trembling. Jimin stands before him again, and he doesn't break eye contact as he pulls his own underwear down, over his feet. Jeongguk still watches, almost paralyzed with desire, as Jimin makes his way to the side of the bed. Climbing on and scooting back to the headboard of Jeongguk's bed, never breaking eye contact. All of a sudden, Jimin is splayed out on Jeongguk's bed, tan skin and incredibly toned body just calling to Jeongguk, making his heart hammer and blood sing with want, eyes dark and hooded and just begging Jeongguk to come hither. So he does.

He cages Jimin in on the bed and surges forward in one smooth motion, capturing Jimin's mouth in his, and Jimin's mouth drops open obediently, allowing Jeongguk's tongue to explore. Jeongguk's hand runs up Jimin's side, touching every bit of skin he can reach without breaking apart from Jimin until Jimin pulls back. "You're shaking," he says quietly, and Jeongguk exhales before nodding once, "Excited," he says as way of explanation. *Nervous*, he thinks to himself.

Jimin smiles at him (Jeongguk noting the surge of affection he feels at the infectious grin), "Relax," he says quietly. Jimin doesn't make it a point to display that he's just as, if not more, strong as Jeongguk is, but he does as he flips Jeongguk easily. He's not prepared when Jimin firmly grips his cock, and it's a carnal reaction when he practically melts, eyes rolling to the back of his head, back arching, mouth dropping open in a deep gasp. It's been *so long*. A mangled form of Jimin's name escapes his mouth.

Jeongguk's leaking enough precum for the glide to be smooth, and he feels himself quickly losing control as Jimin's jerks him off slowly, hand twisting and swirling, running along the sensitive head.

He's gripping the bed beneath him in a death grip as he tries to keep himself from flying away when there's a small, kittenish lick to the head of his dick, and that's followed by Jimin pulling away to breathlessly ask, "Jeonggukie, can I eat you out?"

Jeongguk's head jerks forward to see if Jimin is serious, and he's got

his bottom lip sucked into his mouth, eyebrows raised and pupils blown. “Oh hell yes.”

Before he knows it Jimin’s propped his legs over his shoulders and pulling Jeongguk down to meet his mouth. He bunches part of Jeongguk’s comforter under Jeongguk’s hips (Jeongguk’s never been so happy that he refuses to make his bed in his life) before pulling Jeongguk’s cheeks apart. He only has two small kisses on each cheek and Jimin’s hot breath blowing over him, making his hole clench and flutter for just a second before there’s wet heat engulfing his core, making white hot lightning zing throughout his body. He can’t control the sound that comes from his mouth, can barely control his hips as they buck forward then back to get more of that breathtaking sensation.

“Ohh holy fuck, Jiminie,” Jeongguk groans, and he doesn’t know just how he’s going to live through this. Jeongguk can feel the vibrations from Jimin’s mouth as he moans from where his mouth is still firmly attached to Jeongguk. Jimin is relentless, licking up and over Jeongguk in broad strokes with the flat of his tongue before switching it up and sucking or swirling his tongue. It’s wet and messy and Jimin moans like he’s thoroughly enjoying himself. Jeongguk pleads with Jimin not to stop when he pulls away, and it’s only a second before he’s speaking. “Jeonggukie,” and a shiver runs through him as he takes in Jimin’s rough and scratchy voice, “Jeonggukie, can I use my fingers?” Jeongguk can only groan and nod frantically as he reaches into the nightstand for the small jar of coconut oil to hand to Jimin (Jeongguk will never mention to Taehyung how thankful he is for that tipoff).

Jimin’s warming the oil between his fingers for just a few seconds before Jeongguk feels the gentle pressure against his entrance until Jimin’s middle finger is slipping in until the first knuckle. The breath hitches in Jeongguk’s chest and Jimin runs his other hand soothingly across his stomach, quietly reminding him to breathe. It’s intense, so intense, and Jeongguk tries to get himself under control. Jimin pumps that one finger, exploring and stretching Jeongguk patiently before he slips in another finger beside it. Jeongguk moans loudly as he adjusts, and it’s only a second before Jimin is moving steadily and Jeongguk is grinding downward to meet Jimin’s thrusts. It takes a few minutes, Jimin’s fingers searching relentlessly before he finds it, the spot that makes Jeongguk unravel, and when he taps it Jeongguk lurches forward, moan coming to a grinding halt as lights explode behind his eyes. “Oh my fucking, yes Jimin, *there*,” and Jimin taps against Jeongguk’s prostate again. Somewhere along the way Jimin introduces

a third finger, and it isn't long before he's fucking Jeongguk steadily, tapping his prostate on every other thrust. It's almost too much for Jeongguk as he works down on Jimin's fingers, and he already feels like he's drowning in pleasure when he feels Jimin's tongue beside his fingers, licking and sucking the best he can against his thrusting fingers and Jeongguk gasps in a big breath before letting out a loud, shameless, moan. "Fuck, Jimin, fuck," he grunts, like a mantra, as Jimin pushes him further and further to the point of no return.

"Do you think you could come like this," Jimin backs from between Jeongguk's cheeks, panting from his efforts.

"Ngghhh," Jeongguk groans, "But I want you to fuck me."

Jeongguk lifts his head when he hears Jimin chuckle, and Jimin turns a smile on Jeongguk (who is amazed that Jimin can smile at a time like this) "But we've got all night, babe." As if to prove his point, Jimin dives down again, and this time his fingers drive straight for Jeongguk's prostate, over and over and over again, tongue flicking and beautiful plump lips kissing and it's all Jeongguk can take. He gives Jimin a split second warning before the steadily building pleasure snaps throughout his body, toes curling and hips lifting themselves off the bed, a long, low sound escaping his lips unbidden as he comes hard. He gulps air between each spasm that leaves him completely wrecked, muscles seizing and hand curled and tugging hard in Jimin's hair. It all rushes out of him at once, leaving him boneless and sated, but Jeongguk can feel that the burn hasn't been fully extinguished, still burning hot just under his skin.

He pulls Jimin up from between his legs, smashing their mouths together and he can feel the frenzy building within him, can feel how tense Jimin is; he needs Jimin and he needs him now.

"How do you wanna do this," he pulls away to ask, eyes searching Jimin's face where the heat has risen high into a beautiful blush.

"Ready to go again," Jimin asks, eyebrows raised slightly.

"Fuck yes Jimin," Jeongguk can't help but run his hands up and down Jimin's sides where they're pressed together, "How do you wanna do this?"

Jimin leans down to lick into Jeongguk's mouth, "I was thinking we could switch," and Jeongguk's already nodding, "I can fuck you until I come and then you can fuck me until you come again." And it takes a good second for what Jimin is suggesting to get through to Jeongguk,

but when it does Jeongguk groans in anticipation. “How the hell did I get a sex fiend like you for a boyfriend, I can’t believe you’ve been hiding this for months, I am so blessed, thank you based god.”

Jimin giggles as he moves back down his body, and Jeongguk smiles at the warmth the sound pushes through him. He watches hungrily as Jimin coats himself in the oil, letting out little moans and whimpers at the feel of his own hand.

Soon Jimin is gripping behind one of Jeongguk’s knees, spreading him wider and when the head of Jimin’s cock is pressing against him with, blunt, insistent pressure, Jeongguk knows he’s shaking. Knows he’s shaking because Jimin is as well.

Finally, *finally* Jimin is sliding in, and Jeongguk feels like he’s being split in half, it’s so *good* and the noise he crows toward the ceiling reverberates around the room. Jimin stops once his hips are flush to Jeongguk’s ass, and Jeongguk is thankful because he’s overwhelmed; his eyes are screwed shut and he’s gasping desperately, trying to get ahold of himself because he’s wanted, wished for, *needed* this for so long. When he opens his eyes he can see that Jimin’s not much better off, face scrunched and panting.

“I don’t—I don’t know how long I can last, Jeonggukie,” he’s holding himself still, trying to give Jeongguk time to adjust, but it’s a struggle in and of itself.

“Fuck me, hyung,” Jeongguk says, and it may sound a little desperate, but Jeongguk is a little desperate right now.

Jimin is pulling out then pushing back in slowly, and Jeongguk can’t control the sound he makes, can’t control his facial expression, can’t control the way his hips buck up to meet Jimin. He starts meeting Jimin halfway, thrust for thrust, as Jimin’s small, high pitched grunts fill his ears. The bed is creaking, rocking steadily as Jimin fucks Jeongguk up the bed and Jeongguk is in love with every second of it. He holds Jimin close, chest to chest, one hand tangled in the back of Jimin’s hair, holding his mouth attached to that spot on his neck that drives him wild, while the other hand has a firm grasp on Jimin’s ass, squeezing and groping, spurring him on faster, deeper.

Each thrust grazes Jeongguk’s prostate, and it’s not long before he’s hard again, cock trapped between their bodies. He’s inundated by sensation on every side, and he can feel himself getting wound tighter, thrumming heat getting more driven with each thrust and he finds

himself hurtling towards orgasm again already.

He reaches up, cups Jimin's face in his hands, pulling him so their foreheads touch, leaning up slightly so he can kiss, can whimper, "Come on, Jiminie, come on."

Jimin whines, a full body shiver taking over his bones, "I'm close, Kookie."

They're speaking into each other's lips, sharing the panting breaths between them, "Come on Jimin-ah, please, I want you to come inside."

And that is enough for Jimin to thrust as deep as he can, emptying himself as he's wracked with spasms, moans so loud that Jeongguk is sure the neighbors will file a noise complaint. Jeongguk works him down, hands roaming over his shoulders, his thin waist as Jimin's hips still give tiny thrusts. When he sighs and slips out finally, he places a kiss on Jeongguk's cheek. "Ready to switch?"

Jeongguk answers by flipping them over, Jimin landing on his stomach beneath Jeongguk. "Is this okay?" Jimin's dark hair bobs as he nods in agreement. Jeongguk would love to tease Jimin, work him up until they're both panting, but Jeongguk's so on edge he's trembling.

He takes a second to admire Jimin's round ass laid out before him, but when Jimin cants his hips back and whines a little, the last of Jeongguk's resolve fades away. He quickly lubes his fingers before delving between Jimin's cheeks, and when he presses softly against his hole he finds his finger entering easily with minimal resistance.

"You already prepped?" Jeongguk's says, words gusting out of him in one breath.

"Surprise," Jimin responds, and he does this circular motion with his hips, back making a smooth arch and ass lifting, purposely enticing Jeongguk and goddamn it's working, his mouth beginning to water.

"Jesus," he whispers under his breath. He works one finger in, then two, and it's not long before Jimin is thrusting back on Jeongguk's fingers, panting and whining quietly.

Jeongguk's waited as long as he could, and soon he's trying not to get too lost in the pleasure as he slicks himself up. "Good?" he asks breathlessly, waiting for Jimin's nod so he can push in.

That moment when he's finally pushing into Jimin, like he's practically being sucked into his wet, hot heat, surrounding every inch of his cock, that moment is like his breath's been taken away. There are flashes of light behind his screwed shut eyelids, and it feels like molten heat has been poured down his spine, pooling at the bottom of his stomach. He can't say anything really, managing to choke out a stuttered "J-Jim" before his speech devolves into a long, groan. He's holding Jimin in a vice grip, fingers digging into his hips, but Jimin doesn't seem to be faring much better, holding out a long, sustained "oh" into the pillow beneath him.

"Fuck," Jimin says, voice high and almost ethereal, "Move, Kook-ah."

Jeongguk withdraws until on the tip of his dick is held inside before sliding back in, slow, deep, trying to feel every inch of Jimin that he can. Jimin lets out another yelp as his fingers dig into the bedsheets by his head.

Jeongguk manages to keep up the slow, steady pace for a few more thrusts before it gets to be too much, and he picks up the pace. Jimin's devolved into a barely functioning mess beneath him, moans of "fuck, fuck me," barely contained where his face is still pressed into the pillow. Jeongguk's never been one to be incredibly vocal, but he can't help the whispered praises that come from his mouth unbidden, the "so fucking good Jiminie, fuck"s and the "fucking beautiful"s strung between his wanton moans and hard thrusts.

It isn't long before Jimin's high pitched voice sounds below him, scratchy from stretching his vocal cords, "Faster Jeonggukie, please," he stutters, "H-harder, Kook, I can take it."

Jeongguk takes him at his word, and he leans forward to press Jimin's shoulder down into the mattress, the other locked in a grasp on his hip that's sure to leave finger shaped bruises. He slams into Jimin until the sound of their bodies meeting fills the room around them. Jimin's got one hand working frantically under him, the other using the headboard to push back against Jeongguk, and the headboard's slamming repeatedly into the wall with each powerful thrust. He's trying to maintain the rhythm, but he's losing it the closer he gets to the edge and suddenly Jimin's whimpering loudly, "Gonna, god yes, gonna come again Kookie." Jeongguk doesn't have time to process Jimin's words before he's clenching around his cock and screaming and shaking beneath him, coming dry. Jeongguk has seconds before he's overtaken with pleasure, mind ascending into obliterating bliss as he comes deep into Jimin, a stammered "ah fuck," escaping as the

waves of his orgasm keep washing through him.

It takes them both a moment to come down, a whimper or moan from one sending another wave of pleasure through the other, but Jeongguk all but collapses beside Jimin when it's done. He feels like his bones have been liquefied and he could do with not moving for the next eighty-four years. Jimin turns to look at him with one eye, the other half of his face mashed into the blanket below him.

"You fucked my fucking soul from my body," he says, voice tired.

Jeongguk smirks and blinks slowly, "Yeah, well I'm pretty sure you actually blew my back out, so consider us even."

The silence swirls between them, pleasant and honeyed and unhurried. Jeongguk may actually be drifting off when a giggle bubbles through the air. It catches Jeongguk off guard, and he can't stop his own chuckle in response. Before long they're both giggling, Jimin's beautiful laughter paired with Jeongguk's slower, deeper chortles. They're both laughing and Jeongguk doesn't really know why except, well, happiness. Jimin flops onto Jeongguk, smile beaming at him, "I can't believe we did it," he chuckles, "I can't believe we actually had sex."

Jeongguk smiles back at him, "It was worth the wait." He delights in seeing Jimin's smile take a turn for bashful as he smiles into Jeongguk's chest. "This, what we have now...you," he says quietly, "all of it. Worth the wait." Jimin kisses his bare chest, and Jeongguk can feel the smile there.

He's running his hand comfortingly up and down Jimin's back when he asks, "Hey, so, um, can you always come back to back like that?"

Jimin lets out a laugh into his chest, "I don't know, it's never happened before." He rolls his eyes good-naturedly in response to Jeongguk's prideful smirk. "I guess we'll have to try again and find out." He looks up at Jeongguk through his eyelashes, and this time it's Jeongguk who colors at the implication.

It's a second before, "You wanna test that theory on the kitchen table?" He lets his hand drift lightly over the curve of Jimin's ass.

Jimin smiles wickedly, "Hell yeah."

They have sex again in the morning. As the sun filters in through Jeongguk's sheer red curtains, framing him and Jimin in the beautiful early morning light, he works Jimin open slowly and gently. They're spooning, Jeongguk curved around Jimin's body, and Jeongguk thinks he may like this best. He's glad they got the frenetic fucking out of the way last night so this morning they can take their time for something different. Jimin's gasping with each slow, deep thrust and Jeongguk runs his hands over every part of his body he can reach. Jimin's hand is stuck in Jeongguk's hair, holding him close, but Jeongguk holding him even closer, arms wrapped around his waist. It's slow, beautiful, and *different*, different from anything he's ever experienced. His heart is slamming against his ribs and it's almost overwhelming, because it feels like he's pouring everything he has into Jimin, and Jimin just receives and receives until he's overflowing with it. Jeongguk is afraid of what that "it" is, because he thinks he knows. It's early, but the way Jimin smiles at him after they've both reached their peak, smiling so bright that Jeongguk swears he's a rival for the sun outside, he doesn't want to say "it". But it's there, he feels it, and he thinks he could get around to saying it sometime. The sun sparkles in Jimin's deep brown eyes as they share a decidedly chaste kiss, and yeah, Jeongguk could definitely, definitely get there.

It's approaching evening and Seokjin, Namjoon, Taehyung, Yoongi and Hoseok are crowded around the outside of Jeongguk's closed door.

"How long have they been in there?" Namjoon asks.

"It's been like sixteen hours."

"I should probably get them some water and sandwiches or something. Keep their energy up," Seokjin says.

"Yeah, they'll probably die in there," Yoongi says.

"...What if they're already dead," Hoseok says.

"Should we break the door down?"

“Yeah, we definitely should. We have to save them!” Taehyung’s already reaching for the doorknob when Namjoon stops him.

“Wait! Let’s just knock.” Everyone pauses before shrugging. Namjoon knocks tentatively on the door.

It’s a second before there’s a response. “Yeah?” They can’t recognize which voice it is, but at least there is a voice.

“Are you guys okay,” Seokjin ventures.

It’s an even longer pause before a different voice responds, “Yeah, we’re great! Tota— *oh my god, don’t stop* —t-totally fine!”

Each person outside the door recoils in horror in disgust, backing from the door as quick as possible.

Yeah, they’re fine.

Chapter End Notes

so that's it! please tell me your final thoughts, this is only the second longfic i've written so i'm just like... asdljkfdsl;kj. people keep asking me what's next and idk man? maybe more jikook? these guys started as my notp, and look where we are now! if you wanna scream at me you can do so [here](#)!

<3 you guys!

Works inspired by this one

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